

# The Ladies' Repository 1869

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## HANDEL AND BACH. ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.

### I.

TWO of the great dead—long dead in more than one sense to the German people—have risen and again wander over their native soil. Far from his country and kindred, in Westminster Abbey, near England's kings and naval heroes, but greater honor far, near Shakespeare and Milton, sleeps George Frederick Handel, the barber's son, the singer of "The Messiah." By strangers the stranger was understood; among them he lived, while his own nation consigned him to forgetfulness; and today, in the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall, as his Halleluiah Chorus peals forth the people rise from their seats in honor of God and of the master to whom Heaven gave the power to sing such songs.

The other sleeps in the Saint John's churchyard at Leipzig. No stone or cross marks the grave of him who sang so incomparable a requiem to his Lord. A faded leaf in the church archives bears this simple inscription: "Died, a man sixty-seven years old, Herr John Sebastian Bach, Cappellmeister and Cantor of the school. Was buried from the hearse, July 30, 1750."

The rector of the Saint Thomas school, in his annual programme, is as silent concerning him as if no Bach had ever lived or died. After his death, his widow sold as old copper the plates containing his music for the sum of thirty thalers.

Admired by thousands for his wonderful improvisations upon the organ and piano, but in his best efforts understood by few, with the play of his cunning fingers his remembrance died. The Cantor of the St. Thomas school, a grave,

strange man in a great peruke, whose powerful fugues swelled through that ancient church, but of whose wonderful genius none dreamed, was known to many but appreciated by no living soul. There was a time when the mention of the names of Bach or Handel would waken a smile among professional musicians.

It is now far otherwise. At Halle and Leipzig monuments have been erected to both; among musical productions Handel's oratorios occupy the first place, and since that memorable evening of the 12th of March, 1829, when Mendelssohn, in the musical academy of Berlin, brought forward for the first time in a century, amid the plaudits of the astonished multitude, the "St. Matthew's Passion," this immortal production of the Leipzig Cantor, has become familiar to the musical world. The noblest monument to both Handel and Bach is the late editions of their works in a form possible only to German industry and cultivation.

In this musical revolution, this bringing of the dead to life, Mozart and Beethoven had also a share. Through their recognition, but more through spiritual relationship, Mozart to Handel, Beethoven to Bach, the musical ear of the present was opened to the past. The incomparable service of Beethoven is, that without envy he recognized the greatness of both, and brought it to the light. One must have served under a strange yoke, and devouring the crumbs from a strange table, have thought weeping of the riches of his father's house, before he can understand Handel's song of freedom; he must have turned from the "ways of Nazareth" to the unspotted Lamb of God before he can appreciate Bach's passion-songs. That the German people have again ear and heart for both great masters, is an evidence not only of musical, but of spiritual progress.

Handel and Bach were born not alone for art. In Hauptmann's words, "The best in art is not alone for artists, but for humanity." In their oratorios they speak to men from the Holy Scriptures; they become expounders of God's truth, and place themselves among the great cloud of witnesses for Christ. In the wonderful language bestowed on them, they declare the mighty works of the Most High. For all harmony culminates at last in that great harmony, the reconciliation of God with men; "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." From this grand idea comes the joy, the triumph, the repose of their music, to which one listens oblivious of the cares and sorrows of mortal life. In a godless generation they stood as witnesses for the truth; for a great master's mission is a higher one than merely to delight and refresh by his music. From this grander side we propose to review the life and work of these two great men.

The position of the world, and particularly of Germany, during the first half of the century following the thirty years' war—the time from 1680 to 1750, during which the life and works of both these great masters were wrought out—is not unknown to the reader. To many it is a time of pitch-black darkness, of dead orthodoxy, of aristocratic tyranny, and the degradation of the people—to others it appears in the rosy light of a new illumination. The truth lies between these two ideas. It was a time of twilight, in which the beams of day yet struggled with the shadows of night. The after-pains of the thirty years' war were still felt; spiritually many hearts were bleeding, and many sacred possessions consumed as by fire.

Germany's political *role* was at an end; the nation was dead and buried, and the grave-digger's occupation was gone. Upon the throne of France sat Louis XIV, through his emissaries, and still more through his principles of State, through the frivolity, heartlessness, and sensuality of his court ruling the world. To Paris, as to the high-school of politics and galantry, rushed the sons of the German princes, and diseased in body, but more diseased in soul, each returned to his small domain, carrying with him that Satanic axiom, "*L'état c'est moi.*" It was the age of Augustus the Strong in Saxony, of Max Immanuel in Bavaria, of Eberhard Louis in Wurtemberg. The few revels in all this world can offer of wealth, and power, and grandeur; the many were as the dust beneath their feet. To the general oppression one court only offered an exception, that of the great Elector, afterward Frederick William I.

This was the time when French arrogance

and German impotence culminated, when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, when that priceless ruby, Alsace, and that stronghold, Strassburg, were torn from the imperial crown of Germany. The bridge between the cultivated and the uncultivated was complete. Not as a Cassandra, but as a courtier, literature gives the history of that day. Swelling with bombast, cumbered with all the languages of Babel, hypocritical and untrue to nature, it filled the lands with heathenish gods, wrote State romances, Chinese and Indian war and love stories. Matheson, in this age, dared to write to a prince, "If God were not God, who deserves to be so more than your princely grace?" Only one man, through the mists of the future, saw the coming deluge of the French Revolution, and this man was Leibnitz, the philosopher.

And the Church? Piety was not extinct, and decided witnesses for the truth still lived, but in dangerous places. The freshness of the times of the Reformation had passed. The preaching was learned and polemical, yet savorless—full of worldly ideas and crafty superstitions. "They would rather," sighs Valentine Andrea, "comprehend than reverence the Trinity; rather prove the living presence of Christ in the sacrament than adore him above all; rather write of repentance over sin than feel it; rather set forth the efficacy of good works than do good works." No wonder that, repelled by stubborn orthodoxy on the one hand, and false piety on the other, men took refuge in infidelity.

In such an age, what was holiest and truest in art could find but little recognition. Still, above the preposterous secular poetry of the day, toned the pure melody of sacred song—song laden with the highest joys and deepest sorrows of humanity—the hymns of Neumark, of Flemming, of the Princess Louise Henrietta, and, above all, of Paul Gerhard.

And, such as it was, music flourished. Every little court had its orchestra. In Italy was its blossoming time, its Raphaelitish period—the day of Scarlatti, Durante, Leonardo Leo, and others of like renown. From Italy came that siren, whose strength lies all in gold, destined to absorb the national poetry and genius—the Opera. In Germany, at this period, there was great musical fecundity. Simplicity and affectation, provincialism and cosmopolitanism, piety and frivolity, orthodoxy and infidelity, roughness and cultivation, seemed equally blended. But in this enervated, denationalized Germany, amid the decay of true musical science from the ranks of the common people, the inheritors of its best and most honest blood, arose two men, uniting in themselves whatever of fullness, depth,

strength, and simplicity yet remained—two musical witnesses to all time against their day and generation—George Frederick Handel and John Sebastian Bach.

## II.

In our day we do not receive the work of a great master as a meteor fallen direct from heaven, but, as the culmination of a long series of patient efforts, the outgrowth of powers developed by careful study and discipline. The more we come to know men, the more we recognize in their artistic creations the results of severe discipline and unremitting labor than the divine spark of genius. Upon a careful review of the lives of Handel and Bach, we find that, in them, brilliant genius and thorough cultivation combine in about equal measure.

At Halle, February 23, 1685, to the court barber, Handel, a highly respected, honorable man, a son was born. This son was the child of his declining years. The mother, who regarded it as a special favor from Heaven that she derived her birth from the clergy, was a strictly orthodox, serious woman. The father wished to train his son for the law, but the boy, very early, showed an uncontrollable love for music. In his seventh year he played the organ, to the surprise and delight of all, and in his twelfth he gave, at Berlin, such proofs of his musical skill that the Italian court musicians were filled with envy. After this great success his father allowed him to prosecute the science of music in connection with his legal studies. He soon went to Hamburg, found a place in the orchestra, and ere long came forth with an opera of his own composition which awakened the jealousy of his associates. At length, weary of the constant persecution of his masters, and the envy of his fellow pupils, he gathered up his few worldly possessions and went to Italy, where he hoped to be better appreciated, and also to improve his narrow circumstances. Here he was joyfully received, and moved among the great as their equal. A Protestant among priests and cardinals, in the midst of brilliant feasts, he wrote his first oratorio, which was a solemn protest against the rushing frivolous life around him.

After thus showing what he could do, he sat down a diligent student at the feet of Scarlatti, from whom he learned the deeper mysteries of the musical art. Then, turning a deaf ear to the siren voices that lured him to remain in the sunny south, he crossed the Alps, kissed his old mother, and, in obedience to an urgent call, went to Hanover. From there he passed over to England on a visit, and, feeling that country to be his true home, a place with room enough

for him, and where he might forget his menial servitude, he, at a second visit, made it his permanent home. Here he soon wrote the "*Te Deum*," and could only appease the angry Elector of Hanover, who, to his misfortune, afterward became king of England by his magnificent martial music.

In silent retirement he wrote his anthems, and not until thirty-five years of age did he appear before the people and take the helm of musical affairs. Nine years of entire musical supremacy covered this brilliant but dangerous period. Then a dark cloud, which had been slowly gathering, burst over his head. The national pride of England rebelled against the stranger, the rivals whom he had so widely distanced, and the increasing influence of the French upon taste, raised up an army of intrigues against this solitary man. It was the struggle of musical idealism against musical materialism, and the latter carried the day against Handel. Beset by enemies, and forsaken by his friends, his strength consumed in the unequal conflict, with a broken spirit he took refuge in Aachen. But from that place of healing he came forth a renewed man, to whom fall had proved resurrection. With a strength never before dreamed of the giant arose, no more to serve the false deities of his time, but the living God.

In his great oratorio he had found a language that should silence envy. Honored and revered by all, he again stood in the Haymarket Theater, and from that stage over which mock heroes had so often trod, swelled the noble song of the Messiah and his salvation. The great musician had become blind, and with tears streaming from his sightless eyes he accompanied the oratorio. Still blinded, he wrote "*Jephthah*." Upon the week of Palm Sunday he died. His wish to die on Good Friday, and to rise with his Lord and Savior, was granted. With his great means he shortly before his death founded a charitable institution, and he obtained, at last, a place in Westminster Abbey among the nation's most honored dead.

Handel's life was like a powerful rushing stream, but its end was peace. If a full life be to love, to hate, to enjoy, to suffer, to win, to lose, then his life was complete. He had much to do with the great ones of the earth, but was ruled by none. Whoever saw him at the Haymarket Theater, around him not only the common people, but the princes and great ones of the nation—whoever saw him in that vast assembly, with his high, broad forehead, his arched brows, the powerful neck that bore the head upright, recognized in him a born king of men,

whose red robe was as the royal purple, whose scepter was the *baton*, whose subjects were all the lovers of majestic harmony and high musical art, whose *Magna Charta* was the WORD OF GOD.

## III.

Away from the palaces of the great, at Eisenach, March 21, 1685, a month after the birth of Handel, John Sebastian Bach was born. It is pleasant to contemplate Bach's family tree. Driven from Hungary on account of their faith, they, a family of musicians, had come to Thuringia. In the course of the century, from 1626 to 1726, one hundred masculine Bachs were born. Often, on some joyful family day, they, all the Bachs, would assemble and refresh their souls with music. The little Sebastian learned music of his older brother. After the death of this brother, fully orphaned, he went to Luneburg, where, with his clear, soprano voice, he sang to gain the means of instruction on the organ and piano. The boy then wandered on foot to Hamburg to hear Reinken, the renowned organist. On the way home Heaven, as through a miracle, kept this child from starvation.

At the death of a cousin he succeeded to his place as organist at Armstadt, with a salary of sixty thalers a year. Although he at length learned to play to the edification of the multitude, he, in the beginning, confounded all who heard him. Having obtained a short leave of absence he went to Lubeck, and there, entranced with the organ playing of a great master, he forgot when his furlough expired, and lost his place in consequence. Soon after he married a relative, and went to Muhlhausen, which place he quitted on receiving a call to Weimar. From Weimar, where, "to the honor of the Lutheran Zion," he wrote his cantata, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," he was summoned to Anhalt as concert director. Returning to Anhalt from a short journey he found his wife dead. Seeking to divert his mind from its sorrow, he again set out on his travels, taking with him his eight children.

He married a second time, and wrote for his bride a little music-book with preludes, sonnets, and love verses. From this marriage came thirteen children, but still the true wife found time with her sons, Friedmann and Emmanuel, to take music lessons of the husband and father. Bach ere long went to Hamburg, seeking a place in the St. Catharine Church. Here, at a great centennial festival, he played so wonderfully from his own "Inundation of Babylon," that a musical Simeon broke out in these words: "I had thought such art long since dead, but as it still lives I can depart in peace." Bach lost the

place through intrigue, but nothing daunted he went home, still joyful in his divine art. After a long struggle he became Cantor of the Saint Thomas School at Leipsic.

Now the bird so long tempest-tossed had found its nest. A good salary, a giant work, the favor of a select few, consoled him for the hatred of would-be rivals. During his leisure hours he wrote his passion and Christmas oratorios. Summoned to Sans Souci, he played before Frederick the Great, and was loaded with honors; but not at all lifted up by royal and courtly favor, he returned home and resumed his work. He rejoiced without envy in the gifts of others, but a false note from his organist, Gorner, would throw him into such a passion that he would tear off his peruke, and hurl it at the poor fellow's head, with the words: "You had better been bred a cobbler!" Still, despite such little outbursts of temper as this, he was a good man, just to his fellows, and upright before God. Having become blind by overtasking his eyes in engraving his music upon copper-plates, he yet wrote in the darkness his magnificent motetto, "When we were in the deepest need." Just before his death his eyesight returned. A stroke of apoplexy ended his life on the 28th of July, 1750. His family was left in poverty, and his grave is among the many unnumbered and unknown ones in the St. John Church-Yard at Leipsic.

Bach's life flowed on peacefully as that of a patriarch, and yet it was a passion soothed by a happy domestic life and by his divine art. A servant of God, a servant of men, without being any man's servant, one of the meekest and most spiritual, as well as one of the most wonderful of men, he avoided those the world called great without flying from them, and whatever was the cross which life laid upon him he bore it with patience.

One should have seen him at his seat before the organ in the Saint Thomas Church, where all the tones of the world of spirits seemed to wander through his soul, around him, his pupils, below, the listening congregation, or at home seated at the piano, his music-loving wife and ten sons looking up to him with pride and reverence, and listening with rapt ear to the strains which they, of all the world, most fully appreciated. Whoever looked on Bach in his plain black dress, his head somewhat bent to one side, the heavy yet artistically penciled brows, the dark eyes breaking like fire from a cliff, saw the proud representative of that noble, unsophisticated citizen, who, true to himself, moved through the corruption of the eighteenth century, uncontaminated by the vices of the great,



and proof against the leveling, debasing tendencies of an artistic life.

Handel and Bach never met. Near together as they were placed by birth, and closely allied as they were by art, yet they were far removed in life. In their oratorios we see the reflex of their life-leadings and impressions. The oratorio, at first a kind of moral, allegorical, or melodrama, received through Handel's appropriation of Bible subjects its true dignity and import. Handel's oratorios, in their Scripture order, are as follows: Joseph, Israel out of Bondage, Joshua, Deborah, Samson, Jephthah, Saul, Solomon, Athaliah, Belshazzar, Esther, Judas Maccabeus, and the Messiah.

History, the dealings of God with men, is their great theme. From the old heathen mythology, the Indian and Chinese allegories, the rose water pastorals of the day, he leads us into the fresh tide of grand and sacred history—from painted deception to truth, from the half savagery of a corrupt civilization, to the true man, with true feelings and brave deeds. Thus Shakespeare invaded the kingdom of history, making its great heroes and greater truths his own. But Handel went still deeper. Israel's history is not the history of the Jews. It is God's history in the world, and with the world, and, therefore, typical of the history of every individual. The bringing forward of such subjects, the lifting up of these long-forgotten yet imperishable truths of God, was a blow in the face of that trifling, affected age. It was the protest of true religion against the idle creeds of men, the speech of a prophet, whose words were not sharp needles or insidious daggers, but fire and hammer to break the living rock.

What significance Handel's music must have had to the people of England, just emerging from their struggle with the faithless Stuarts, and fighting for political and religious freedom! The people, whose Puritan fathers had gone to battle singing psalms, must have understood Handel's battle cry, "Up! blow the trumpets!" and the aria of Simeon, "Up, Lord of hosts!"

"For the salvation of thy people,  
For the truth and right,  
Hear us, O Jehovah,  
And show thy might!"

So must have toned upon their ears the cries of distress in Israel out of Bondage, and the endless joy in that strain, "The horse and the rider, he hath thrown into the sea!" As in this oratorio, the call for freedom becomes holy, because the struggle is for hearth and altar, so, in the Messiah, this idea, apart from all worldly or national considerations, becomes a call for deliverance and redemption in a deeper sense.

Handel's Messiah is no drama, but an *epos*. It is the song of the world-redeemer and the world-conqueror, of the Light of the heathen, the Consolation of Israel, the Lamb of God, the Prince of Peace, the triumphal strain of him who has burst the bars of death, and brought life, light, and freedom. Here the deepest chords of men's hearts are riven. Here culminate all the longings of the soul after redemption. The Messiah, with its imperishable melodies, will no more grow old than the longing for redemption, that inheritance out of our lost paradise.

Compared with the music of his time in Germany, that of Handel was as the blows of a giant to the feeble strokes of a crippled dwarf. To a debased, cringing race, he taught what a man, what a people may be whose strength is in God. His Messiah is a great musical *credo*, in its grand simplicity, laid before an age when the pulpits were silent concerning the Son of God, and spoke only of the Almighty Father, and Jesus, the carpenter's son, of Nazareth.

Handel had many quarrels with his text-books; they did not please him. His best text-book is always the Scriptures, and his best oratorio, as the Messiah, where he follows them alone.

In Handel's music he combines the intellectual characteristics of the three nations, in each of which he passes a portion of his life. From his paternal home he inherited the German virtues of piety, conscientiousness, earnestness, and industry. In Italy he learned form and purity of melody, the power of song, the fire and strength of fancy, fettered in the classic mass. To these he afterward added English independence and love of freedom, and that persistent energy which, in spite of all obstacles, goes straightforward to its goal.

From Handel's oratorios we gather a garland of arias that can never wither, bound together by a cord of incomparable melodies. Who has ever heard a mightier duet than that of the two bass voices in "Israel," "The Lord is a strong hero!" or a more deeply moving aria than that of blind Samson, "Night is around me;" an aria in which one sees sun, moon, and stars go down? What can more affect the heart than that Christmas recitative, "He was despised and rejected of men;" or that crowning one of all, "I know that my Redeemer liveth?"

In his music, substance and form unite like body and soul. Incomparable as he is in his arias, he is no less so in his choruses. Here he is like a skillful general who leads his forces into the field. "Joyful and confident of victory, he moves forward his basses firmly and steadily, and beneath the powerful tread of his columns

the earth trembles." A Titan, he piles mountain upon mountain, and seeks to storm heaven with his tones. He shows that true genius which, with small means, can produce extraordinary effects. Let sixteen voices sing one of Handel's choruses to the accompaniment of the organ, and the effect will be the same as if eighty sang in any other production.

Handel regarded Samson as the greatest of his oratorios, giving it the preference even over the Messiah. We can well understand this, for the theme of Samson is closely woven with the blind master and his career. And he a Samson, full of strength, but forgetful of his great powers, had once made a treaty with that treacherous Delilah, the *Opera*. Though broken for a time in strength, like blind Samson, he was destined at the last to triumph, and with angry might to pull down the pillars of the Philistines.

And thus, in that age of the baseness of the little, and the tyranny of the great, the sensuality and unbelief of the masses, stood Handel in his oratorios, with his fearless, unwavering faith, his moral earnestness and manly strength. Well might Beethoven, upon his death-bed, say: "*In Handel is the truth.*"

#### IV.

Turning to Bach's oratorios, we at once see their instinctive difference from those of Handel. Bach did not, like Handel, seek his subject; it overpowered him. He had no public before him, longing for new things, and eager to hear new singers. He was a servant of the Church. His originality lies not in the choice, but in the handling of his theme. He tried to make his Church music accord with the service of God, and, through it, to give an echo of the words of prayer or praise.

His cantatas with subjects drawn from the Gospels number one hundred. His passion and Christmas music has its appointed place in the Lutheran service, and no other music of the kind can compare with his. His Saint Matthew's Passion is the most powerful of all his productions of this kind, and the best known.

As Handel's music can be understood only through a knowledge of his career in Italy and England, so Bach can be understood only by those familiar with the German school of music. Joyousness of tone and manner are the characteristics of Italian music; but the old spirit of German art, before all things, strives after character and truth. The words must have their full right; the music must only make them more clear and transparent. To bind words

and manner harmoniously together, like body and soul, is Bach's great effort; and in it he has met with grand success.

The imperishable truth stands higher with him than the intellectual, beautiful form; therefore he dares express the thought with the utmost boldness, sometimes even with harshness. Every melody is characteristic; no one chorus like another. This estranges from him many ears. "Bach is as national as Goethe and Lessing, but not popular as Schiller and Mozart," has been justly said of him.

Bach's music is polyphonic, or many-toned. The ears of many can not bear this. There are people so sluggish in hearing and thinking that they must have every thing perfectly plain in music. Handel can accomplish this, but Bach can not. Every voice forms a part of the great whole, and must stand alone. A chorus of Bach's is a great conversation of voices, where each must be silent when he has nothing to say, and fall in at the right time. Often in the beginning and concluding chorus we are obliged to follow two or three melodies at a time. It has been truly said: "Bach's music is like a primitive forest, full of grotesque growths and gnarled branches. One should not send children into this wood."

Over-pregnant with thought and meaning his music is especially the music of the future; still, amid all its depth, it contains a romantic element, which makes it truly German. Whoever fully drinks in the spirit of his melodies is as under a spell of enchantment. His orchestra, also, is different from Handel's; not only sustaining the music, but standing by it like its twin brother. Sometimes the sentiments are reflected in the voices; at others in the instruments. The orchestra, as well as the voices, can interest of itself. In the beautiful words of Hiller: "The orchestra of the Saint Matthew's Passion is a fine veil, behind which a tear-moistened, but most lovely face, shines forth."

In this fine, spiritual orchestration, this man has indeed followers, but no predecessor. The few instruments are finely chosen, and gently and impressively they move the thought of the aria. In the Saint Matthew's Passion, flutes, harps, and organs have their place, but horns, drums, bugles, and trumpets are not heard. Where Christ speaks, the string quartette usually softly accompanies; but at the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" even this is silent.

A mysterious power, depth, and spirituality are the signs-manual of Bach's music. It is as if he spoke to us of a better world. He touches

our finest sensibilities. We give him our hand, and he leads us into an intricate labyrinth of tones, but securely we go on by the Ariadne-thread, and our feet stand at last in the Holy Place.

The musical world of the present is full of the praise of John Sebastian Bach. It may not love the seriousness and transcendent depths of his music, but it honors the master whom Beethoven has called "the great father of harmony." Over his nameless and unknown grave many a one whom his strains have edified, in spirit blesses him, and, in the concluding words of his Passion-chorus, says:

"Rest gently, gently rest."

To both Handel and Bach the Scriptures were the undoubted truth of God. No mortal could have written such music had he not believed. To the full measure of their powers they sought to serve and honor Him, but each in his own way. Handel should not be called the more worldly of the two, if the words are to be taken in their usual sense. Like Paul at Athens he preached God from a worldly stage—the living God of history, speaking in deeds and miracles. From the Scriptures he seized whatever would most deeply move the soul, and knew how to present it in the best light. He could sing of the world's allurements and deceits, for he had known them all; and he could compass the whole scale of emotion, from despair to rapture, from the woes of death to the joys of heaven.

From his text he grasps, like Luther, the principal thought, and indelibly impresses it upon the mind of his hearer. He is the singer of the Old Testament, jealous for the Lord's house and honor—an Asaph in the temple-court—his orchestra the whole one hundred and fifty Psalms—his text-book Moses and the prophets—and from the summit of David's mountain he gazes afar to the morning twilight of the great redemption.

Bach is a Church believer, a pious man, who has God always before his eyes and in his heart. Not upon the theater of the world, amid its honors and disgrace, its loves and hates, were unfolded to him the eternal truths of the Scriptures, but in a life of silent, blessed meditation, like that of a hermit in a forest-sanctuary. He was a Lutheran, with an inward leaning toward a monastic life. Not the defiant Luther before the Imperial Diet, but Luther in the narrow cell, resembled Bach. A deep, mystic strain runs through his music, which shows that he—the Lutheran Cantor—was capable of writing a high mass.

The sympathetic element was not wanting in Bach—he, too, could sing of mortal loves, and hates, and passions, but this human sympathy was only the back-ground before which appeared the shining image of his Lord. Not what God does for men with the strong arm, but what God does for men in his love, in his inconceivable condescension, affects his heart. Spiritually to sink himself in this history, to embody its eternal substance in his harmonies, this was Bach's art. To him the smallest passage of the Scriptures is full of meaning. He is not like Handel, a preacher to the multitude; his power is not on the stage or in the concert-hall, but in the Church. If over his utterances the veil of mystery lies, still he explores into a hitherto unexplored kingdom, only to let us know how inexhaustible its treasures are.

His music seems to be ordained not for the people, but for only a consecrated circle. And still this is only seeming. We unjustly call Bach "a solitary artist without a public," because he is too high and too deep for the multitude. He who only says what all understand, will, in the end, have said but very little; and he who says more, will not of necessity be always incomprehensible.

Bach's music is a giant, Gothic dome, in which a forest of mighty pillars of harmony swells upward, their branches crossing and interlacing each other in the most wonderful and intricate forms. Cross and crosier fail not, and through the windows, painted with scenes from sacred history, stream in the broken beams of day. Every uncorrupted nature feels without comprehending the great structure in all its parts, that the spot whereon he stands is holy ground. This is the secret power of Bach's music. It is with this music as with the stars of heaven. The unlearned man feels their greatness and sublimity, but the astronomer who knows their orbits and their course, admires and wonders still more.

Bach is the singer of the New Dispensation. He well knows how to sing of old things; but it is his delight to seek inspiration in the simple majesty of the Gospel, in the deep thoughts of Saint Paul. He knows the Lord as the king, the conqueror over death, and thus he represents him in that cantata for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity; but still it is the mournful joy of the true Lutheran to stand under the cross of Jesus, to support his weary head, and, with gushing tears, follow him to the sepulcher, softly saying, "My Jesus, good-night!"

In Handel, breaks forth from the burning bush an armed and mantled prophet before all the people; in Bach, a silent priest goes into

the holy of holies to light the candles, and burn incense before the Most High.

Two great masters have stood before our eyes, to comprehend whom in their deepest meaning, it is given only to earnest souls. Handel and Bach have risen from forgetfulness, because in their works lies an eternal truth, which, though it may slumber for a time, can never die. To have brought these great masters from obscurity is an honor to our generation, but may Heaven forbid that to this or any other age they shall be in their music what they once were—witnesses of God against the degeneracy of the time!

## CHRONICLES OF A BAY STATE FAMILY.

### CHAPTER I.

**N**ESTLING among the hills of Worcester county, in the good old Bay State, is the flourishing village of Ashburnham, with its pleasant streets, its court-house, its school-houses, and its handsome churches. Only a hundred years ago it was an uncultivated waste, with but here and there a partial clearing.

Among the pioneers of this old town was one Samuel Wilder, who, for many years, was the foremost man in the settlement. Hither, on the 15th of February, 1768, with Dorothy Carter, his wife, he came from Lancaster, in something of the same spirit that impelled Abraham when he followed the Divine voice. Leaving a thriving village, rich in opportunities for culture beyond most of the towns in its vicinity, and where he had a large circle of friends and relatives, he went to seek his fortune in a comparative wilderness, with a life of hardships and self-denial in perspective.

The same year Mr. Wilder took into his family a boarder, Mr. John Cushing, who, on the second of November, was ordained over the little Church which had been gathered there. The following September the young pastor went to Westborough to bring back his bride, not returning for two months. The soil, for some little distance from Ashburnham, was what in the parlance of those days was called "springy;" and at this season, having been successively frozen and thawed, the roads had become almost impassable. Yet in spite of this a goodly number of couples went out on horseback to meet the nuptial pair.

As the vehicle which carried them came to a stand-still in the mud about three miles from the village, the new-made wife was obliged to mount the pillion behind her husband. The cavalcade then set forth, proceeding to Mr.

Wilder's as best they could. Here they partook of a bountiful entertainment, after which came the introductions to the bride.

Ashburnham is situated on the heights, being so elevated that an early American writer remarks: "So much water doth not run into the town as would fill a man's boot." At the time of Mr. Cushing's settlement, the village consisted of only nine or ten dwelling-houses, among which were interspersed a tannery, a clothier's, a blacksmith's, a shoemaker's, a carpenter's, a hatter's, and a single store.

Horseback was the principal mode of traveling, except on foot, so that the place was comparatively isolated. Indeed, it was practically farther from the neighboring towns than it is at the present time from the great "Hub." Of the "one hoss shay," there was not a single specimen owned in the town till some years later, when quite a sensation was produced by the advent of a chaise belonging to an old lady from Southborough, who had removed to Ashburnham.

As our modern cities of looms and spindles were not then so much as dreamed of, the women were obliged to do their own spinning and weaving, and to make the most of their wits in providing decent clothing for their children. And as sewing, wringing, or apple-pearing machines had not come into vogue, every thing must be done by the most difficult handiwork.

Church conferences had not then sprung into being, nor missionary associations, nor monthly concerts, nor Sunday schools. And as to books, these settlers owned but very few, some of which, such as Hunter's Biography, Mason on Self-Knowledge, and Watts on the Mind, would now be regarded as extremely old-fashioned. In the dearth of these various resources it was from the pastor, incumbered as he was with "temporalities," that the people mostly received their religious knowledge.

It must ever remain one of the wonders how these parsons managed to get along with so inadequate a support. The salary of Mr. Cushing was only two hundred and twenty-two dollars. To this small stipend he must look to pay the debts he had incurred for his education, and to meet the expenses of building, and of clearing his land, as well as for his daily subsistence.

Not long after his ordination came war with the mother country, involving a great depreciation of the currency, and a scarcity of provisions and clothing. So many men were drafted into the army, that those who remained were dependent on one another's help, and sometimes on that of the women, in getting in their hay



and grain, as well as in other out-of-door labor. But all this was done with a hearty good will, and with never a thought of payment. What a contrast to modern times, when you can hardly look at a neighbor's ax without paying him so many coppers!

It is not strange that Mr. Cushing was often straitened for the merest necessities of life, and we can heartily sympathize with the indignation of his children on seeing a man enter their yard and drive away three or four of their father's cows, Alas! it was the wolf at the door in the disguise of the sheriff. And this was one of the most excellent and faithful of New England's ministers!

As to education, the families were so scattered over the hills; there were so few children, and, more than all, every moment of man, woman, and child was so mortgaged beforehand to that stern master-work, that but little was attempted even in common schooling. The burden of the household song was, knit, knit, spin, spin, weave, weave, scour, scour.

The wealth of these people lay in their practical common-sense, and in their fingers' ends. Even the children were pressed into the service in a way which would make the present generation of young folks open wide their eyes. Little girls of seven were set to carding and spinning, and were sent alone on horseback three miles, a part of the way being through the woods, to carry cloth to be colored and dressed. What would one of our seven-years old say to such a performance?

In these days of "modern improvements," it is difficult to conceive of the privations and hardships of the olden times. As one instance among a thousand may be mentioned an expedient to which the young minister, as well as others, was sometimes driven. In the severe Winters his well usually failed. So, as he had no wood-house, he was obliged, by burning green wood out of doors, to melt snow for every drop of water he used for his horse and cattle, as well as for his family.

It was often a hard struggle for the people, as well as the pastor, to keep soul and body together. Yet through this severe training was developed that stern ruggedness of character, and that manly honesty and strength for which the Puritans were distinguished.

Of this character Samuel Wilder was a fine specimen. By his unwavering friendship and firm support he proved himself an invaluable parishioner to his minister. Starting in life together, and dwelling for two years under the same roof, there sprang up a special intimacy between the families, interrupted only by death.

Open-handed as well as open-hearted, in all Mr. Cushing's struggles with poverty, Mr. Wilder assisted him as much as justice to his own young household would allow. His live-stock as well as his fruit-orchard was always taxed for the use of his minister.

Captain of a military company, justice of the peace, and deacon in the Church, he was looked up to and consulted by all classes. And in every good word and deed his truly excellent wife was not behind him. One of her sons describes her as a large woman of dignified appearance, and as intellectually quite superior, adding that "in loving-kindness her children thought her perfect."

Of such stock came Thomas Wilder, the third in descent in this country of the same name, and in the sixth generation.

#### CHAPTER II.

Thomas, the eighth son and eleventh child of Samuel and Dorothy Wilder, was born July 7, 1788. Into the midst of those scenes of primeval simplicity which we have described was the new-comer ushered, meeting with as tender a welcome as if the house were not already filled with the music of young voices and the pattering of little feet. Alas! for those good old times when the wife was as a fruitful vine by the sides of the house, and the children like olive-plants round about the table! Will they ever come again?

In accordance with the custom of our fathers, Thomas was very early carried to Church for baptism. The old meeting-house where the rite was administered, stood on the summit of a high hill as near the center of the town as a little mountain and a beautiful pond would allow. As to the motive for thus perching the meeting-house on the loftiest point several theories have been broached. Some suppose it was in imitation of Solomon's Temple, and to conform with the Scripture declaration, "We will go up to the house of the Lord." Others regard it as emblematic of the Christian's career. It has also been suggested that it may have involved the idea of a sort of discipline to the worshippers, as well as a test of the strength of their devotion.

The meeting-house at Ashburnham was an unfinished edifice, and without any remarkable stretch of imagination might have been designated a great barn. There, in large, square pews, there the people sat listening with hungry attention to the sermon of "edifying length." And there, during the long prayer, they stood upright against the immovable seats, with a patient attention, such as our modern sybarites,

sitting on their luxurious cushions, do not often bestow.

And if the old building resembled a barn in appearance, it was also in Winter as cold as a barn. After the difficult ascent in reaching it, there was found within no huge hot stove for aching hands and feet. The only protection the people had against freezing, except the strong vitality of their constitutions, was in their sensible style of dress, with abundant wrappings, inclusive of thick woolen mittens, and large warm hoods made to cover the *whole* head, together with what was regarded as an essential in those times—a small, square foot-stove filled with burning coals.

On a windy day there was sometimes a furious contest between the preacher's voice and the rattling clapboards and windows, each being alternately in the ascendant. A tradition, for the truth of which we can not vouch, has come down to us, that in the extremest weather the considerate parson would make an occasional significant pause among his *lys*, at which signal the shivering congregation would enter upon a round of clapping hands and stamping feet, thus warming themselves for a fresh siege of attention.

When we recall the severity of those Winters, what an idea do we get of the ruggedness of these sturdy men and women, who braved all weathers, riding two, four, and sometimes six miles in order to go to meeting! At a seasonable hour on Sunday morning the great double sleigh was brought round to the door. The foot-stove, glowing with coals from the kitchen fire, having been set in, the elders fill up the seats, while the children are tucked into the bottom of the sleigh. As the last thing a large shovel is often added, in order that they may dig themselves out of any drifts which may have blocked up their path. The horses then start off with their load, the bells jingling merrily in the clear, frosty air.

Thus from various directions the people all center toward one point. It is a weary ride up that long half-mile hill, and the wintery winds blow fiercely, piling up the snow in huge drifts. But they bravely dig and plow their way through, alighting at some of the dwellings near the meeting-house, but oftenest at the minister's, to replenish their stoves with fresh coals. When they enter the old building, they have no reason to complain of the want of ventilation, for it is filled with a superabundance of clear oxygen, which the worshippers receive without dilution. But the little heater in every pew passes quietly from feet to feet, making its rounds more or less frequently, according to the severity of the weather.

The prospect from "Meeting-House Hill" was one of the grandest and most picturesque in the whole country. In the south the beautiful Wachuset lifted its head, and on the west the Green Mountains stretched away in the distance, while in other directions were seen the grand Monadnock and his "Little Sister," and Great and Little Wotalie. A range of forests extended toward the north, and down in the valley nestled a lovely little lake, on whose tranquil bosom slumbered several tiny islands. Nothing could surpass the beauty of this broad landscape, especially on a Summer's day, when fleecy clouds floated dreamily in the blue heavens, and a soft haze lay on the distant mountains.

About a mile and a half from this place of worship stood the house of Captain, or Deacon Wilder, the early home of Thomas. Set back six or eight rods from the main road, it was built on an eminence which commanded, on the north-west, a view of Monadnock, and on the south of Wachuset, while to the south-west the land descended rapidly to a lovely dell among the hills. It was a goodly site, with a charming grove on the back or north side, forty or fifty rods from the house. On the east of this grove ran the road to the village and Meeting-House Hill, the latter of which was in full view from Mr. Wilder's premises. The house was a commodious two-story building, with four rooms on a floor. It was approached by an open lane lined with stately elms, while around it lingered the primeval forest. Shading the house in front were four noble elms in the form of a square. Beneath one of these trees was the old-fashioned well, with its great sweep leaning against the sky, which added a most picturesque feature to the landscape.

Back of the house were some fine cherry-trees, which, with the apple-orchard, presented great attractions to the children visitors. Neighbors were not very near, but within quarter of a mile lived Lieut. Ebenezer Munroe, one of the many claiming to have fired the first gun at Lexington in the Revolutionary war.

This hospitable Wilder house was among the noted mansions of those days. And though so well stocked with children, there was always a spare corner for a stranger. Through its various rooms, and about its pleasant grounds, toddled baby Thomas, examining every thing and asking questions of every one.

Before he was two years old another "well-spring of joy" was opened to the family in the arrival of an infant brother. This event brought particular delight to Thomas. And eagerly did he watch for the visits of Dr. Lowe and his

faithful nag, with the never-failing dispensary in the shape of saddle-bags. But his joy in the new-comer was of short duration.

When Milton, the baby, was only two or three weeks old, a great sorrow shut down upon this pleasant home. It was on an early Summer dawn that Mr. Wilder, noticing an alarming change in the appearance of his wife, immediately called up his children. As Dr. Lowe lived within a few rods of the old meeting-house, Mrs. Wilder was unwilling to have him sent for at such a distance. "I am dying," she said, "and can not spare any of you." As her weeping family stood round her bed she gave them her farewell charges, beginning with her husband. Coming to little Thomas, she laid her hand upon his head, and with a mother's yearning tenderness breathed her parting benediction: "God be merciful to thee, my son!"

That dying mother's hand upon his head—O! who can tell what influence was there? Good angels hovered around the scene, and the compassionate Savior himself was present. From the subsequent history of that child, may we not believe that his mother's prayer was registered in heaven?

The sudden removal of this mother in Israel cast a cloud over the whole community. Says one in speaking of it: "I was a child of only eight years, yet I well remember how deeply I shared in the general sorrow. The day of Mrs. Wilder's funeral was one of the saddest of my life." On that day of grief there was no bustle in the preparation of funeral apparel. The custom of wearing deep mourning had become so universal that many who could ill afford it were drawn into great extravagance, and the court, which was then accustomed to legislate on minor matters, had passed a law against this excessive expenditure. So these motherless children simply wore a black ribbon on their bonnets and hats, or tied around their waists.

There was a universal flocking to the funeral. And as hearses had not then been introduced, the black coffin was placed on a bier and carried on men's shoulders, with an occasional change of bearers. Up the long familiar hill over which she had so often traveled, they slowly bear the cold form of that loving mother, and kind friend and neighbor, followed by the train of mourners, some on horseback and some on foot—past the old place of worship which she had so constantly attended, and where her numerous children had been carried for baptism—through the open gates into the quiet "God's Acre" lying in the shadow of those consecrated walls. There, in that charming spot beside her buried dear ones, they leave

that cherished form, with the fair landscape around, and the Summer skies bent lovingly above it. But what a return for the stricken family to that desolate home!

In his funeral sermon the next Sabbath, Mr. Cushing says of Mrs. Wilder:

"You are not to wonder if, by two years' residence in the house with her, my acquaintance was more intimate than with others in town, and that I am most sensibly penetrated with grief for the loss of a friend whom I have ever found affectionate, sincere, and faithful.

"She had a comely, open countenance, and was free and easy of access. She was a person of large powers and abilities of mind, improved much by reading and conversation. She had a heart which wished well to all, and was liberal beyond her ability. She was judicious and free from bigotry; her charity could embrace all who loved the Lord Jesus, though they might differ from her about non-essentials. She had the talent of making herself agreeable to the various sorts of company she met with.

"As a wife and parent she was most tender and affectionate, abounding in endeavors for the present comfort and future welfare of her family. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"In her religious character she shone with distinguished luster. Her love for God, the Savior, and her Bible, was supreme. For undissembled piety, diffusive goodness, benevolence of heart, extensive charity, freedom from bigotry, faithfulness in friendship, trust in Providence, constancy and devoutness in the worship of God, she was truly exemplary. She met the King of terrors, though his approach was sudden, with serenity and fortitude as a conquered enemy."

The people generally looked to their minister to furnish the epitaphs, and Mr. Cushing, without doubt, dictated the following which appears on the slate head-stone of Mrs. Wilder's grave:

MEMENTO MORI.

"Here, in the dew of death, lies to rise  
not till y<sup>e</sup> heavens be no more,  
y<sup>e</sup> mortal part of

MRS. DOROTHY WILDER,

the amiable consort of SAM'L WILDER, Esq.,  
who suddenly expired July 28, 1790, in  
the 41st year of her age.

As a wife she was affectionate;  
as a mother, tender; as a friend, faithful; as a  
Christian, very exemplary.

Even this monumental stone by the tooth  
of time shall be consumed, but  
her virtues shall live.

'The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.'

## CHAPTER III.

The prattling Thomas was at an age to suffer much from the bereavement of such a mother, if not in the actual sense of loss, yet in what, to a young child, is no less hard to bear—a consciousness of something precious gone out of his young life, and which was all the more painful because he knew no way to express it. How many times must his little heart have ached for the sight of that dear face now hidden in the grave! Through life, he was accustomed to speak with deep emotion of this early bereavement. That dying mother's hand upon his head he never forgot.

Mr. Wilder married for his second wife the widow Abigail Fairbanks, of Stirling, an older sister of Dorothy, his first wife. She is spoken of as an excellent woman, cheerful, active, and industrious. The world is so full of prejudices against step-mothers, and sometimes not without reason, that it is pleasant to record instances of those who fill that difficult and delicate position happily, and to the satisfaction of all. Coming into a large family, nine of her sister's children being at home, Mrs. Wilder found herself burdened with many cares. But she faithfully discharged her various duties, proving a great blessing to the bereaved household. To the three helpless little ones, Abel, Thomas, and Milton, she was a most kind and tender mother. In later years Abel paid her this hearty tribute: "Among many women who have done virtuously, she excelled them all."

In those primitive times it was customary to take the wee folk to Church, or to "meeting," as it was called, from their babyhood. And in the same old edifice where the lambs were thus early gathered, "the swallow found a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts." There, in the Summer season, Tommy, with the other children, used to amuse himself by watching these sanctuary-loving birds as they sailed in circles round their nests among the unpainted beams and rafters.

Another pleasant expedient for whiling away the long service-time, and one in which the elders sometimes participated, was the smelling of pink-posies—a species of the fine arts which, with many other primitive fashions, has, unfortunately, gone by. The pink-posy was made up on Sunday morning, and after this wise: A substantial wooden stick was placed as the center, and camomile flowers were tied on the top; then red pinks were threaded on a string, and wound round and round the stick, till a perfect and most fragrant cone was produced. By way of variety, a sprig of caraway or a bunch of roses was indulged in; but a

berry of any kind was not so much as to be thought of.

While Thomas was still a small boy this primeval meeting-house was leveled, and another built on the same beautiful site. In the new edifice the seats were hung so as to be raised and let down, giving the congregation an opportunity, while standing in prayer, to lean against the sides of the pews. This was regarded as a wonderful improvement. And wonderful indeed it proved—the sequel to the prayer being a rapid series of terrible *slams* all over the house, the noise extending to a great distance, and resembling the successive report of pistols.

A few of the more careful sort took pains to line the supporters to their seats with listing, so that the sound might be somewhat deadened. But in spite of this, and the cautions to the children frequently administered, "to let down their seats easy," the noise was frightful to any body with nerves. Indeed, falling suddenly on the ears of strangers, they would think the meeting-house itself was coming down.

There was not a single cushion or carpet in this place of worship. In what contrast to even this pew and improved meeting-house is the present church at the foot of the hill, with its luxurious cushions and carpets, and its large stoves in the vestibule, as well as in the body of the house! And what a contrast does the present fashionably dressed congregation exhibit to that of the former days, when the women wore checked aprons to meeting, taking their babies with them! It ought to be stated, however, that the minister's, the deacon's, and the doctor's wives, wore white aprons, though of homespun.

But with all the hardships they endured the people attended worship far more constantly than they do in these days of convenience and comfort. And the little flock were of one heart and one mind, and listened with unfailing interest to all the words that fell from the lips of their faithful pastor.

The old fashion of *lining out* the hymns prevailed for a time in Ashburnham, as elsewhere; but, as soon as books could be obtained, Mr. Cushing's musical taste led him to lay that mode aside. He was himself a singer, and played the bass-viol, accompanying it with his own powerful voice. Nor did he rest till a singing-teacher was procured, and something of a choir formed. He made frequent suggestions for its benefit, and sang in the pulpit with great animation. On one occasion, having given out the hymn,

"Behold the wretch whose lust and wine  
Have wasted his estate,"



he proposed that the choir should sing three verses in Bangor, and then, in the fourth verse,

"He said, and hastened to his home,"

change it for St. Martin's. The effect was most inspiring.

There are modern choirs which would rebel at such suggestions as a sort of dictation. But in those days the people abounded in reverence for their minister; indeed, his word was a kind of law to them. And the children were not in the smallest danger of being devoured by bears for any lack of respect to God's prophets. The approach of the clergyman to the sanctuary was a signal for all standing at the door to take off their hats, he also removing his, and bowing as he passed through them. Nor was this courtesy, so wanting in these latter days, confined to the Lord's house; for no one kept on his hat when speaking to his minister, or even passing him in the street.

One of the peculiar institutions of our fathers was the tithing-men, corrupted by some into *tiding-men*—an office which originated with the old Saxons. As it is now obsolete it may be interesting to find what the lexicographers say about it. Worcester defines a tithing-man as:

1. The head or chief of a tithing; one of the ten freeholders who composed the tithing, and appointed to preside over the other nine.
2. An under-constable.
3. A parish-officer who preserves order at public worship, and enforces the observance of the Sabbath.

Webster's definition is substantially the same, except that he seems to limit the exercise of the office to the time of public service. It is clear, however, that any who traveled on secular business, or otherwise infringed the Sabbath, came under the lawful jurisdiction of the tithing-men, and were liable to arrest.

The badge of a tithing-man's office—whose only remuneration was the satisfaction of enforcing order—was a long staff, with which he would thump emphatically at the disorderly boys. If that proved insufficient he would go to the gallery, where they were in the habit of sitting, and, with a strong hand, take them to his own conspicuous pew, where they were soon awed into decent behavior.

THE *wrath* of God lies not upon his people, although his *hand* does. Affliction is sent to kill sin, not the man. Whatsoever believers suffer, though it be death itself, they may say, Christ hath labored, and we enter into his labors. Death lost its sting in *his* side.

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF JESUS.

MUCH has been said and written of that fragrant blossom of the heart, true friendship. Although Tupper declares "that man to be a marvel, whom truth can write a friend," yet experience bears rich, though it be rare testimony to the depth, and sweetness, and constancy embodied in a friend.

Friendship is like the lilac crocus of Autumn. Its roots lie deep. It is delicate, yet lasting. Like a fine ether, it pervades the soul. Sacrifice, sincerity, love, and intuition, stand ministering at its altar, and ascend in fragrant incense. Like the rays of the glorious sun, it drinks up the miasms of distrust, and covers defects and deformities with a garment of beauty.

In a beautiful intimacy we express what there is divine in our natures; and in proportion to the refinement of the soul, and its kinship to heaven, is the capacity for a perfect friendship. Who can tell what the strong, steady flame has done to brighten the dark passages wherein human hearts have walked!

But if we speak thus of earthly friendship, how wondrously inviting and beautiful must be the friendship of the Lord Jesus! That name that has awaked the sweetest lyres of the ages, and been uttered in the purest aspirations of worship—the ONE NAME, which is above every name—which has fired alike for conflict, and soothed for suffering!

If capacities for *human* friendship are according to the fineness and delicacy of the fiber of the soul, what then must be the capacity of the Infinite Heart! What range and sweep in that strong, gifted, confident soul! What delicacy, imagination, appreciation, deep insight, and perfect sympathy! This friend, when he enters the warp and woof of another life, dedicates himself to that life as completely as though no other existed. He makes his interests his own, using his divine nature to give skill, and scope, and success to the heart that feels him there. He it is who gives to the brain of his Wall-street friend its keen and surer perceptions, its strength and energy, walking beside him even as he treads the busy street, stimulating his brain to its finest successes!

It was Fra Angelica who was said never to have lifted his brush without an aspiration to this same friend. Who need wonder at the perfection of his art, with *such* a friendship to inspire his brain, and eye, and brush! The love and confidence he lavished on the Lord Jesus were returned to his own bosom a thousand-fold.

If art fails in its highest conceptions it is because the artist has forgotten to drink from the fountain of beauty, and to cultivate that delicate intimacy with the King of Loveliness, who would rejoice to transmit his secrets to his friend.

There is no mystery in the workings of this heavenly friendship—it is no wise different from your sweetest earthly intimacies, only in that it is stronger, higher, more effective, more consoling. It enters the soul with a sublime consciousness of a presence which, without dissecting and analyzing, one knows is there, making loneliness a myth. It is a friendship which, though complete in each individual need, is adapted to every sphere of human experience. All thought and action, labor, science, and art, are met and stimulated by his flexible mind.

Under the influence of this mighty friendship every form of sin has been conquered; suffering and anguish have been met with martyr-like patience; poverty has been borne with courage and hope, insult with meekness, bereavement with a smile, care and toil with a song, and sacrifice with open arms. It has armed weakness with strength, despair with hope, and indolence with energy. By it noble-souled men, and delicate-fibered women, have suffered the loss of all things joyfully, that they might lay claim to this Friend of friends.

Ah! blessed friendship! Blessed Lord Jesus!

#### "NO MORE SEA."

**W**ALKING along the pier of one of our fishing harbors, I was once asked the meaning of these words. A pleasant water-party was just breaking up. We had sailed to a grassy, rocky island, and there felt the nameless and dreamy charm that hangs about all places which the sea cuts off from the familiar steps of man. On our return, the plashing oars and bounding prow had disturbed the crimson glory of an Autumn sunset, fading slowly from the waves; and during our walk homeward the moon above us was already large and white, while the twilight lingered as if, like ourselves, unwilling to part from so much loveliness; and at our feet the transparent waters rippled, and plashed, and sighed. Just then a thoughtful lad looked up pensively, and said, "I wonder what the Bible means by telling us that in heaven 'there shall be no more sea;' I do n't know why there should not." That was exactly the place and time to ask and to answer such a question, and the substance of this paper is what was there agreed upon.

We must remember that one aspect of the

sea has not been excluded from the vision of celestial glory; that we read—twice over—of a sea of glass, which is once described as like unto crystal, and once as mingled with fire. It is more than *like* glass, for the word read literally implies that it is made of glass, pointing, perhaps, to its fixed and unshifting density, which no winds can ruffle, no feet break, and upon which, it would seem, the harpers stand who sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. It is a picture of infinite placidity. It recalls the place of broad rivers and streams of water which God in Isaiah promised to be unto his people, wherein should go no galley with oars, neither should gallant ship pass therein. And it differs from every earthly sea as far as the tideless and still waters of the soul of one in paradise differ from the tempestuous and changeable emotions of men below. Within the ransomed bosom and without, there is that perfect quietness of which we only dream below. There is no agitation of ebb and flow, no wail of broken billows on a broken beach, for the surface is of glass-like crystal, and the depths are illumined by a steady flame of love to God and to his creatures.

This, however, is far from corresponding to our common ideas of the sea. In the minds of the ancients especially it had gathered the gloomiest associations around itself, for the compass had not yet pointed a steady finger across the waste; navigation crawled timidly along the shores; or else, if "neither sun nor stars appeared," the vessel was helpless in the hands of chance. Thus, when Virgil was to cross from Italy to Greece, Horace was in almost hysterical alarm. To him the sea was "estranging;" vessels were "impious;" man venturing on the waves was as rebellious as if "striving in his folly to scale heaven itself." For at that time the ocean severed lands, instead of being the favorite road of traffic, and it was only regarded as a barren and treacherous waste, peopled with monstrous creatures, which it was an exploit to "regard with tearless eyes." Both the scantiness and the tone of Scriptural allusions to navigation prove that similar notions were rife in Judea. Although Palestine occupied a noble maritime position, the people never were good seamen. Solomon had to borrow from Hiram "shipmen that had knowledge of the sea." Jehoshaphat's navy was wrecked, apparently in the very harbor. They that went down to the sea in ships were justly thought to know wonders, and experience dangers, of which common men were ignorant. Its tempestuous heavings were only a casting-up of mire and dirt. Scarcely a voyage is recorded

in the Bible that did not involve deadly hazards. Therefore, to abolish the sea would be to remove from nature something as abhorred as the Zahara or the Tartar steppes; to break down a barrier between nations; to erase a blot from creation; to relieve mankind from the remembrance of his most laborious, dangerous, and hateful toils.

The Bible, however, was meant to awaken an echo in the universal mind of man, and we are bound to find a meaning for its words that will meet a universal acceptance. Such an explanation is not sufficiently given to this text by the mere association of *danger* with the sea. For, although there are thousands of widowed women and orphaned children who would never desire to look upon the waves again, who can see in the billow or the ripple nothing but murderous rage or murderous treachery, while they remember a dear and revered face that went down into the abyss before its time, yet modern sentiment, upon the whole, has overcome the old horror of the deep. It can not be denied that a vast proportion of our poetic imagery, of our pictorial skill, and of our holiday enjoyments, are lavished upon the sea-side. More than all, no one will pretend that a silent, lonely, musing hour among the rocks is not a keen enjoyment; that it does not expand and elevate his sympathies and his desires.

We ask again, why is this source of pleasure ultimately to be withdrawn from us? Let us answer by asking another question: What is the character of this enjoyment? It can scarcely be called delight. It has little in common with the effect of beauty. The sensation of looking at a grand river, or a fertile valley, is perfectly different from that of gazing on the sea. It is eloquent, but not of joy. It is grand, but mostly with the grandeur of mystery, terror, unrest; of sleepless assaults upon the land, which the land continually repels; of forces which we can neither estimate nor control, and which seem to be more effective in destruction than beneficence; of all that pathless bewilderment stretching away toward the infinite without revealing it. It is musical, but who associates gladness with its music, whether it thunders on an iron-bound coast, or whispers and moans in some sheltered inlet among the hills? It is dear to us, for

"Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thought."

Our baffled and restless humanity loves it as the type of its own experience—old amid perennial youth, struggling with perpetual failure, rising and falling with weary iteration, calm succeeding to every tempest, and yielding place

to storm again. Our ineffectual yearning for the infinite—which always eludes our apprehension—is soothed by that remote horizon enveloped in those doubtful clouds. The very cold and unsympathizing severity of its existence, whose gigantic laws are not relaxed by pity nor by clamor; the very insatiable greed which struck Solomon with awe when he said, "All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not filled"—these are in tone with our mysterious life below, with the seemingly relentless fate that strikes so often at youth, and happiness, and love, with our own insatiable hopes, questionings, and aspirations.

"As the sea is not filled, so yearns  
Man's universal mind."

Thus it is a mighty interpreter of a vast and familiar class of emotions. It is an outward visible emblem, corresponding with the thoughts of the infinite and eternal in us, its ceaseless motion and interminable moanings, being an outward type and echo of the restless spirit. While these feelings endure in us, it is fitting the great sea should be here to symbolize them. But those emotions are not destined to be eternal. The somber majesty of desire shall yield to the gladness of possession; the sense of mystery to the joy of knowledge; the baffled searching for the infinite to the vision of the King in his beauty, and of the land that is very far off. Then the gray ocean shall have done its task. The pleasure it gave was, after all, a pleasure akin to pain, and in that land of serenity, satisfaction, and repose, it is fitting that "there shall be no more sea."

### THE ANGEL'S STORY.

THROUGH the blue and frosty heavens,  
Christmas stars were shining bright;  
Glistening lamps throughout the City  
Almost match'd their gleaming light;  
While the Winter snow was lying,  
And the Winter winds were sighing,  
Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,  
Pealing bells were sounding clear—  
Never with such tones of gladness,  
Save when Christmas time is near—  
Many a one that night was merry  
Who had toil'd through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,  
Friends, long parted, reconciled;  
Voices all unused to laughter,  
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,  
Trembling hearts that fear'd the morrow,  
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing  
From the gracious season fall ;  
Joy and plenty in the cottage,  
Peace and feasting in the hall ;  
And the voices of the children  
Ringing clear above it all !

Yet one house was dim and darken'd :  
Gloom, and sickness, and despair,  
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,  
Creeping up the marble stair,  
Even still'd the voice of mourning—  
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,  
Velvet carpets hush'd the tread,  
Many costly toys were lying,  
All unheeded, by his bed ;  
And his tangled golden ringlets  
Were on downy pillows spread.

The skill of all that mighty City  
To save one life was vain ;  
One little thread from being broken,  
One fatal word from being spoken ;  
Nay, his very mother's pain,  
And the mighty love within her,  
Could not give him health again.

So she knelt there still beside him,  
She alone with strength to smile,  
Promising that he should suffer  
No more in a little while,  
Murmuring tender song and story,  
Weary hours to beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence  
Check'd those constant moaning cries,  
Still'd the little heart's quick fluttering,  
Raised those blue and wondering eyes,  
Fix'd on some mysterious vision,  
With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hover'd,  
Smiling, o'er the little bed ;  
White his raiment, from his shoulders  
Snowy dove-like pinions spread,  
And a starlike light was shining  
In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel,  
Leaning o'er the little nest,  
In his arms the sick child folding,  
Laid him gently on his breast,  
Sobs and wailings told the mother  
That her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising,  
Spread his wings ; and, through the air,  
Bore the child, and while he held him  
To his heart with loving care,  
Placed a branch of crimson roses  
Tenderly beside him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated  
Toward the mansions of the blest,  
Gazing from his shining guardian  
To the flowers upon his breast,

Thus the angel spake, still smiling  
On the little heavenly guest :

"Know, dear little one, that heaven  
Does no earthly thing disdain :  
Man's poor joys find there an echo  
Just as surely as his pain ;  
Love, on earth so feebly striving,  
Lives divine in heaven again !

Once in that great town below us,  
In a poor and narrow street,  
Dwelt a little sickly orphan ;  
Gentle aid, or pity sweet,  
Never in life's rugged pathway  
Guided his poor tottering feet.

All the striving anxious forethought  
That should only come with age,  
Weigh'd upon his baby spirit,  
Show'd him soon life's sternest page ;  
Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow  
Was his only heritage.

All too weak for childish pastimes,  
Drearly the hours sped ;  
On his hands so small and trembling  
Leaning his poor aching head,  
Or, through dark and painful hours,  
Lying sleepless on his bed.

Dreaming strange and longing fancies  
Of cool forests far away ;  
And of rosy, happy children,  
Laughing merrily at play,  
Coming home through green lanes, bearing  
Trailing boughs of blooming May.

Scarce a glimpse of azure heaven  
Gleam'd above that narrow street,  
And the sultry air of Summer—  
That you call so warm and sweet—  
Fever'd the poor orphan, dwelling  
In the crowded alley's heat.

One bright day, with feeble footsteps,  
Slowly forth he tried to crawl  
Through the crowded city's pathways,  
Till he reach'd a garden wall ;  
Where 'mid princely halls and mansions  
Stood the lordliest of all.

There were trees with giant branches,  
Velvet glades where shadows hide ;  
There were sparkling fountains glancing,  
Flowers which, in luxuriant pride,  
Even wafted breaths of perfume  
To the child who stood outside.

He against the gate of iron  
Press'd his wan and wistful face,  
Gazing with an awe-struck pleasure  
At the glories of the place ;  
Never had his brightest day-dream  
Shone with half such wondrous grace.

You were playing in that garden,  
Throwing blossoms in the air,





Laughing when the petals floated  
Downward on your golden hair ;  
And the fond eyes watching o'er you,  
And the splendor spread before you,  
Told a house's hope was there.

When your servants, tired of seeing  
Such a face of want and woe,  
Turning to the ragged orphan,  
Gave him coin, and bade him go,  
Down his cheeks so thin and wasted,  
Bitter tears began to flow.

But that look of childish sorrow  
On your tender child-heart fell,  
And you pluck'd the reddest roses  
From the tree you loved so well,  
Pass'd them through the stern cold grating,  
Gently bidding him 'Farewell !'

Dazzled by the fragrant treasure  
And the gentle voice he heard,  
In the poor forlorn boy's spirit,  
Joy, the sleeping seraph, stirr'd ;  
In his hand he took the flowers,  
In his heart the loving word.

So he crept to his poor garret ;  
Poor no more, but rich and bright,  
For the holy dreams of childhood—  
Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—  
Floated round the orphan's pillow  
Through the starry Summer night.

Day dawn'd, yet the vision lasted ;  
All too weak to rise he lay ;  
Did he dream that none spake harshly—  
All were strangely kind that day ?

VOL. XXIX.—2\*

Surely then his treasured roses  
Must have charm'd all ills away.

And he smiled, though they were fading ;  
One by one their leaves were shed ;  
'Such bright things could never perish,  
They would bloom again,' he said.  
When the next day's sun had risen  
Child and flowers both were dead.

Know, dear little one ! our Father  
Will no gentle deed disdain ;  
Love on the cold earth beginning  
Lives divine in heaven again,  
While the angel hearts that beat there  
Still all tender thoughts retain."

So the angel ceased, and gently  
O'er his little burden leant ;  
While the child gazed from the shining,  
Loving eyes that o'er him bent,  
To the blooming roses by him,  
Wondering what that mystery meant.

Thus the radiant angel answer'd,  
And with tender meaning smiled :  
"Ere your childlike, loving spirit,  
Sin and the hard world defiled,  
God has given me leave to seek you—  
I was once that little child !"

In the churchyard of that city  
Rose a tomb of marble rare,  
Deck'd, as soon as Spring awaken'd,  
With her buds and blossoms fair—  
And a humble grave beside it—  
No one knew who rested there.



BURNS MONUMENT, AYR.

## THE LAND OF BURNS.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene.  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

BURNS.

AFTER a two hours' ride by rail from the city of Glasgow, I reached the little town of Ayr. This place would be without much interest were it not for the life and writings of Robert Burns. It is situated on the sea-coast, at the mouth of the river Ayr, and is said to contain about eighteen thousand inhabitants. The principal departments of industry carried on are ship-building, shoemaking, woolen manufacture, and carpet-weaving. Here, too, are thirteen places of worship, a large public academy, a mechanic's institute, a public library, a theater, a race-course, and four hotels. The river divides it into two almost equal parts. One half is called Ayr, and the other Newton upon Ayr, Wallacetown, and Content. The bridges which span the river are termed respectively the "Auld and New Brigs," and called out from Burns one of his most vigorous poems, the "Twa Brigs." The "Auld Brig" is said to have been built in the reign of Alexander

III, and bears on its brow the marks of years. The "New Brig" is a good structure, with five arches, handsomely ornamented. It was built by one Ballantyne, to whom Burns dedicated his "Brig" dialogue. As I leaned on the New and gazed at the Old, I thought of his description:

"Auld Brig appeared of ancient Pictish race,  
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:  
 He seemed as he wi' Time had wrasled long,  
 Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.  
 New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,  
 That he, at London, frae ane Adams, got:  
 In 's hand five taper stames as smooth 's a bead,  
 Wi' virils and whirly-gigums at the head."

Here, too, is the Wallace tower, occupying the site of an old edifice, in which Wallace is said to have been confined. It is a tall, square steeple, and in it is placed the "Dungeon block," to which Burns thus alludes:

"The drowsy Dungeon block had number two,  
 And Wallace tower had sworn the fact was true."

Situated on the side of the town fronting the sea is the old church of Ayr, remarkable in history as the place where Robert Bruce's Parliament decreed the succession of the crown to his brother Edward. Cromwell, who had more faith in powder and shot than in moral suasion, converted the church into an armory and guard-

room, and erected around it an extensive fort, to hold in subjection Ayrshire and its surroundings.

Having seen every thing in the town worthy of notice I started out on a pedestrian tour for the home of the poet and "Auld Alloway Kirk," which was between two and three miles distant. Soon I came to a place where two roads met, and was at a loss to know which to take. While in this dilemma I saw a man approaching. I waited until he came up and then said, "Friend, which way to Alloway Kirk?" He answered, "I am going past it, and will show you." So on we journeyed together. As we approached the place we came upon various localities mentioned in "Tam O'Shanter's" route, and with which my companion was quite familiar.

"There," said he, pointing to a place about a hundred yards off, "is

'The ford  
Where in the snow the chapman snored.'"

Still further on we came to a little cottage on the way-side, now occupied by the Rosell game-keeper, behind which may be seen the

"Bricks and mickle stane  
Where drunken Charlie brack's neck bane,  
And thro' the whims and by the cairn  
Where hunter's fand the murdered bairn,  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel."

How true to Nature are all of Burns' descriptions; and to visit the places described is to bring much of his poetry to remembrance. My companion, pointing a little way ahead, said: "That house we are approaching is where



INTERIOR OF BURNS' COTTAGE.

the poet was born." And am I already two miles from Ayr? Is it possible! I exclaimed. I could hardly realize it. The stranger was so companionable, and the way so charming that I did not think of the passing time or journey.

This humble cot is situated on the west side of the road leading to Alloway. The barn, stable, and cottage are all under one continued roof of straw. The house at first had but two apartments—kitchen and sitting-room—and was built by the father of the poet, who held, in connection with it, a seven-acre farm on perpetual lease. Having satisfied my curiosity in looking at the exterior, in company with my friend, I ventured into the cabin, and received a hearty welcome. The kitchen is said to have met with but little alteration, if any, since the day on which Scotia's greatest poet first saw the light.

The floor is composed of rough stone, not very evenly laid. An old-fashioned grate, a

dresser adorned with antiquated dishes, a recess holding a bed—but not the one on which the poet was born—go to make up the outfit of the kitchen. The sitting-room is now occupied as an ale and curiosity shop, where all manner of curious little things, made from the timber of "Auld Alloway Kirk," and from wood grown on the banks of the Doon, may be had, not without money, but for a good price. In sight of the natal cottage stands the Mount Oliphant farm and house; to which place the poet's father removed soon after the birth of his son, and where was laid the scene of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," Burns' best poem. And there, too, upon the eve of his intended visit to India, he wrote this beautiful, touching prayer, in behalf of his Highland Mary:

"Powers celestial, whose protection  
Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
While in distant climes I wander,

Let my Mary be your care ;  
 Let her form sae fair and faultless—  
 Fair and faultless as your own—  
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit  
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her  
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;  
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
 Soothe her bosom into rest :  
 Guardian angels, O protect her,  
 When in distant lands I roam !  
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,  
 Make her bosom still my home."

Leaving the early home of Burns I proceeded onward amid leafy hedge-rows dappled with flakes of bloom, which filled the air with sweetest perfume. Now we pass a comfortable farmstead with dairied pasture-fields and picturesque groups of kine. Thus one pleasing sight after another came up before my enraptured vision, when my friend told me

"Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghosts and houlets nightly cry."

We are now in sight of the "Auld Haunted Kirk." It is quite small and roofless. The old

bell still hangs in its place. The wood-work of the building has all been carried off to make snuff-boxes and other memorials, but the walls are in remarkable good repair. Near the entrance is the grave-stone of "William Burns, farmer of Lochlea," the father of the poet. This is comparatively a new stone, the original one being demolished and carried away in fragments by visitors. While looking through the iron grating of the gate, which serves the place of a door to the auld kirk, my guide said, "This is where poor Tam saw

'Auld Nick in shape o' beast,  
 A towzie tyke black, grim, and large ;  
 To gie them music was his charge ;  
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a did dirl ;  
 Coffins stood around like open presses,  
 That show'd the dead in their last dresses,  
 And by some devilish cantrip slight,  
 Each in his cauld hand held a light.'"

Having wandered among the grave-stones until I was satisfied, I passed on to the beautiful garden on the bank of the river Doon, in which



ALLOWAY KIRK.

is erected a costly monument in memory of Burns. The monument is an open temple on a high base of granite, having nine pillars to represent the nine muses, and surmounted by a handsome dome. In the base is a room where may be seen many articles of interest, among which are various editions of the poet's works, a copy of an original portrait of Burns by Nasmyth, a snuff-box made of wood from the timber of Alloway Kirk, etc. What pleased me more than all the rest was the Bible given by Burns to his Highland Mary. It was on the scene of his final parting with her—intending to sail for Jamaica—when "standing one on each side of

a small brook, they laved their hands in the stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced a vow of eternal constancy." This interesting relic having been carried to Canada by its possessor, was purchased by a number of gentlemen in Montreal for the sum of twenty-five pounds sterling and forwarded to the Provost of Ayr, to be placed in the cabinet of the Burns monument. Here, too, are shown the far-famed statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny.

"His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither,  
 They had been fou for weeks the gither,  
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ;  
 And ay the ale was growing better ;





TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious  
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;  
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus,  
 The storm without might rare and rustle,  
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

Coming out of the garden, which is kept in perfect trim, and where I could willingly have spent many hours, I walked down the hill to "Auld Brig o' Doon," the keystone of which was Tam's salvation. I could almost imagine I saw the poor fellow as he left "Kirk Alloway," pursued by an innumerable multitude of witches, spurring on "Meg," the good mare he rides, and heard him say,

"Now do thy speedy utmost Meg,  
 And win the keystone o' the brig;  
 Here at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they dare na cross!"

The scenery from the bridge is charming, and I do not wonder that such an ardent admirer of the beautiful as was Burns should write as he did. The Doon is indeed a beautiful stream, with its gentle current leaping joyfully from stone to stone, and its "banks and braes" covered with trees and flowering shrubs. Here wandered Scotia's bard and drank in inspiration from the scene.

"Oft have I roved by bonnie Doon  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,  
 And my faus lover stole my rose,  
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

Robert Burns was a remarkable man—brilliant, pathetic, unrivaled! His poetry is but

the outpourings of a heart more tender and susceptible than that of woman's. His life one continued struggle with caste and poverty; its errors but the natural result of his early training. I admire his genius, his warm-heartedness, and generous impulses, yet not forgetful of his many faults. But when I remember Scotland's social drinking customs, which perverted his thoughts, debased his life, and cut him off at the early age of thirty-seven, I pity the man, and offer up a prayer for the speedy destruction of that which has put out so many bright hopes, and shut up in eternal darkness thousands who might have rejoiced in the light forever.

#### THE ABYSSINIAN BOUDA.

THE Abyssinians, though nominally Christians, are as superstitious as their most degraded pagan neighbors. They profess to believe in God, but in reality deny him. Good and evil spirits, fairies and goblins, wizards and exorcists exercise far more power and influence over their hearts than the Gospel, to which they profess a kind of tacit and ignorant submission. St. George enjoys equal, if not superior, honors to Christ, and an offense against a conjuror is more dreaded than a violation of the whole decalogue. Among the number of good and evil genii, Tecla Haimanot and the Bouda enjoy the first and highest rank in their respective domains. Tecla Haimanot, who lived in the middle of the thirteenth century, has an unbounded sway in the realm of the blessed,

and his favor is a sure passport to heaven. He is regarded as the most benignant and potent among the celestial nobles. One of his legs, in a church at Gondar that bears his name, is venerated with an idolatrous devotion, and its renown has not diminished by the abortive attempt to destroy it, made by the late King Theodore about eighteen months ago.

The Bouda, the incarnation of all that is wicked, atrocious, and revolting, has his home in a very different region. Some suppose that he is the evil one himself; others maintain that he is merely an emanation, but of such intense malignity that it requires sedulous care not to fall into his clutches. At one time this terrible fiend had a limited range, but as mankind multiplied and wickedness increased, he delegated his destructive powers to subordinate agents, and these continually added to their ranks, till at last they were as numerous as the haunts of man. Their chief residence is confined to Amba Damot, near the Blue Nile, where Aoola Negus, the king, keeps his court. Here, it is said, his agents hold their assemblies, and deliberate on all matters of import.

But in order to become a little better acquainted with this prince of demons and his companions, we must not indulge in our own speculations, but hear what the wretched victims of his fury have to narrate.

Now, according to the opinion of every Abyssinian, whether he was ever possessed or not, the Bouda, like the Efreet of the "Arabian Nights," is gifted with an exquisite taste. Old people he disdains. Handsome dancers, good singers, talented poets, youth and beauty, are the objects he selects for his insatiable vengeance. To counteract his malice a variety of amulets and charms have been called into requisition. Those that have broad-faced angels or bloated saints painted on them, of which there are many specimens in the Crystal Palace brought over by officers of the expedition, are the most efficient preservatives.

The terror inspired by the Bouda has, besides illuminated scrolls, called into existence a whole host of exorcists. Most of these scoundrels, who fatten on the ignorance of a degraded people, are ten thousand times worse than the demon they profess to eject. I have seen numbers of them, and their vice-stained, villainous countenances invariably made me shrink from them, as I would have shrunk from a serpent. They are generally distinguished by something peculiar in dress and physiognomy. A leather cloak, substantial stick, and lots of talismans suspended from the neck or pendent over the chest, mark their peculiar vocation.

They have all a fiendish and sinister look, which, even more than their garments, proclaim the master they serve. Their profession, though deemed useful, is not admired, and young and old hurry away at the approach of the exorcist. Conscious of the terror they inspire, they invariably delight to intrude their hated persons in the midst of a festive or social circle. Should the host or any one of his friends object to the company of the new visitor, he pronounces the mystic word, "Bouda," and instantly every lip quivers, and every brow becomes shaded. Determined to have his revenge, he now hands to each a vile decoction of herbs and bones, and requests them to smell. Those who unflinchingly inhale the offensive odor are declared innocent, and those who have no such strong olfactory nerves are declared allies of the infamous Aoola Negus. The suspected is immediately dragged before a judge, and the crime preferred. Dejatch Birrow, the former ruler of Godjam, and subsequently King Theodore's prisoner and one of my Magdala companions, had numbers of these innocent people executed. King Theodore for several years followed the example, and then he commuted the punishment of death for the infliction of the torture or an indefinite imprisonment.

The Boudas are generally most active and busy during the rainy season. On a dull, cheerless day, when all Nature is shrouded in gloom, and every object on which the eye gazes imparts a melancholy tint to the mind and heart, Aoola Negus's subjects, in mockery to the world around, celebrate their saturnalia.

I recollect, in September, 1863, while traveling through some parts of the lowlands, we had almost every three or four days a Bouda scene. The most violent were invariably after a heavy thunder-storm, which generally had a depressing influence on the spirits. One day the tempest was unusually violent. The sky during its continuance was almost completely darkened. We had taken refuge in some peasants' huts, but the wretched tenements, though they enhanced the gloom, did not offer much protection against the pouring torrents. Cold, wet, and shivering, we sat on the soaked mud floor, and watched the duration of the tempest. The crashing thunder, intermingled with the lightning's lurid blaze, burst over us with such fury that the very ground beneath our feet seemed to shake and reel. All Nature appeared in the throes of dissolution, and it required no very rich imagination to fancy that the sighs and moans of the wind, as in terrible gusts it swept through dell and glen, wood and fen, were the wails and groans of evil spirits engaged in a frenzied

conflict. My people, though accustomed to these freaks of Nature, were not quite prepared for an explosion that excelled all they had ever witnessed. Two or three who had been in the lowlands before, where these storms are far more terrific than on the high plateaux, laughed as they beheld their companions jump on their feet whenever a stunning stroke appalled our ears. The poor women were most frightened, and every flash of the levin bolt produced a wild "Arek! arek!" the wonted exclamation of terror.

In about an hour the warring elements had exhausted themselves, and, with considerable risk to flesh and bone, we crept across the soaked, slippery hut floor toward the aperture—door would be a libel—that led out into the open air.

Lighting my pipe, which was charged with execrable Abyssinian tobacco, I seated myself on the dislodged fragment of a rock; and, in pleasant converse with my traveling companion, tried to beguile the hour that still remained before night set in. There was something luxurious in the calm aspect of exhausted Nature. The scene around us exhibited striking proofs of the severity of the hurricane. Trees were uprooted, fields of Indian corn leveled, houses unroofed, and rivers, that had no existence before, unexpectedly formed. The eye now no longer rested on frowning, unsightly cliffs. The white spray of the tumbling cascade had invested every fissure and rent with a beauty no pencil could delineate. Myself and companion, in wondering admiration, sat gazing and admiring the wild scene around us. Suddenly there was a howl and laugh, like that of a famished hyena. I turned round to see if one of those nocturnal prowlers, deceived by the tempest, had ventured out in quest of prey before the wonted hour. It was no hyena, but a young lad in my service, who, surrounded by a whole party of peasants and my own followers, crept about on all fours, and, in imitation of his more savage occupant of the wilderness, sent forth those startling sounds. "Tell him to be quiet," I shouted to the man nearest to me. "He can not be quiet, gaita (master), he has the Bouda," was the response. As I had often enough witnessed Bouda scenes it did not particularly interest me; although the lad howled and shrieked as if he was possessed, not by one but by dozens of evil spirits. "Yasou! yasou!" (Hold him! hold him!) I now heard several persons exclaim, and almost simultaneously with those voices the youth deftly bolted forward toward a thicket. "Hailu," I said to a man nearest to me, a perfect giant, "you are strong enough to crush

that lad with one of your fingers, go and carry him into a hut, and do n't let him tumble about in the mire and clay."

"Gaita," was his response, "just try to hold him." I complied with the suggestion, but though I grasped him with the utmost strain, he leaped with perfect ease out of my arms, and, like a hunted stag, darted forward to reach the thicket. A whole crowd, for by this time the number of gazers had increased, instantly started in pursuit; the poor lad on his hands and feet outran his pursuers, and probably the chase would have been unsuccessful had not several peasants from an opposite direction rushed upon the mad fugitive. Unexhausted by this difficult race, he did not for a moment change his painful attitude, nor pause in his piercing howls. It was a saddening sight to see a poor lad, who a few hours before was gay, merry, and happy, suddenly transformed into a raving and frantic maniac.

The shades of night had now thickened around us, and it became necessary to make preparation for our bivouac. Several of the peasants offered us their huts, and the hospitality their resources permitted; I declined to avail myself of the latter, but readily accepted the shelter of their roofs, which, notwithstanding the forbidding interior, offered a better protection against the fresh storm that seemed to gather over our heads than a frail tent.

The greatest difficulty was the poor Bouda-smitten youth; my servants were quite willing to watch around him in the open air, but they refused to do so in the house, where they positively asserted he would in his mad freaks jump into the fire, or, at an unguarded moment, elude their vigilance and rush into the woods, where he would surely be devoured by leopards, or fall a prey to savage hyenas. I did not feel disposed to believe that an exposed spot in front of the hut was safer than the inside, but as it was a matter in which I was obliged not to incur any responsibility, I left it to their option. An hour after evening had set in, the exorcist, who resided in a neighboring village, made his appearance; he was in his deportment exceedingly courteous toward me, a thing so unusual that I thought he was a new hand in his profession. He must have guessed my suspicious fears respecting his skill, for quite unsolicited he told me that he had conjured many an evil spirit, and done infinite harm to the fiend. I had no inclination to enter into any discussion with the fellow, whose bloodshot eyes, ashy countenance, and distorted features bespoke more than words the master he owned.

Shouts and yells now summoned him to the

side of the possessed, whose frantic exertions to get free became every minute more violent and dangerous. I followed in the rear, and never shall I forget the convulsive efforts of the poor youth to escape the touch of the exorcist; he bit, kicked, and leaped on all fours like an incurable maniac. The exorcist, undaunted by these paroxysms of frenzy, approached the sufferer, and in a gloomy, sepulchral tone of voice, commanded him not to move till ordered. In an instant his frantic gesticulations ceased, but the effort must have been terrible. I shuddered as I looked down on the abject being writhing in silent agonies at my feet; he did not utter a sound, but with his mouth parted, his hair standing erect, and his whole frame in a convulsive tremor, he gazed intently on the figure of the exorcist.

"Down, you devourer of man!" exclaimed the conjurer, "or I banish you forever to the realms of the lost."

The obedient lad in a trice fell prostrate on his back, while the conjurer with one hand laid an amulet on his throbbing chest, and with the other held a rag containing all sorts of filthy abominations to his nose.

"Speak, or I pronounce the severest imprecations on thee, thou vile Bouda," said the exorcist, addressing himself to the possessed.

*Bouda.* What shall I speak?

*Exorcist.* What is thy name?

*Bouda.* My name is Wandamaganye.

*Exorcist.* Where is thy home?

*Bouda.* Maitsha, on the Abai (Blue Nile).

*Exorcist.* Why didst thou take possession of this gobaz (young man)?

*Bouda.* Because he is my property, and many a time I intended to eat him (kill him); but he is more artful than depraved, and I had to watch him for many weeks ere I could secure him. To-day he washed for his master, and at an unguarded moment, when he lay down his amulets, I took possession of him, and you shall not wrench the prey out of my grasp.

*Exorcist.* How many persons have you already killed (eaten)?

*Bouda.* Nine.

*Exorcist.* I command thee, in the name of the blessed Trinity, the twelve Apostles, and the three hundred and eighteen bishops at the Council of Nicæa, to leave this gobaz, and never more torment him.

*Bouda.* I will obey, if you give me something to eat.

I was a most patient and attentive spectator of the whole scene; but when I heard the mean spirit, in a sullen, morose tone, soliciting food, my contempt for him almost vented itself in

loud laughter. C——, who was standing near me, noticed my inclination to merriment, and as he had imbibed a few Abyssinian superstitions, he whispered in my ears, "You must not laugh, for there is more in the Bouda than you imagine." I yielded to my companion's wise suggestion, and once more most seriously watched the progress of the operator and his subject. The exorcist, who had never changed a muscle, nor altered the tone of his voice, solemnly inquired what he wanted to eat. I have heard of fiends who were fond of delicacies and choice viands, but never of such a coarse fare as was selected by this savage and unrefined Bouda. Two persons immediately ran to prepare the abominable decoction, which they put in an earthen pot, and placed at some distance in the center of a thorny bush. When all was ready the exorcist, addressing the possessed, bawled forth, "As thy father did, so do thou."

Like a wild dog that has burst its fetters, the possessed, on all fours, sprang rapturously forward in quest of his revolting repast. Madly he capered about in all directions, snuffing and scenting the air to discover the hidden treasure. I had tried, on former occasions, to place a palatable dish in the Bouda's way, but as it did not tempt his perverted taste, I omitted it on the present occasion. After prowling about for some minutes, he discovered his dainties, which he lapped with a zest that might have excited the loathing of the very beast whose walk, gestures, and howls, he labored to imitate. With the desperate energy of a maniac he now lifted up a large block of stone, which, under ordinary circumstances, he could not have moved, and, after whirling it in the air for a few seconds, his eyes closed, his head hung down, and, to all appearance, he sunk dead on the hard ground. I put a bottle of liquid ammonia to his nose, but it merely produced a nervous quiver, and then his face resumed again its icy rigidity. The exorcist, who noticed that I was a little anxious about the poor fellow, assured me that my concern was superfluous, as in less than an hour he would recover, and be as well as ever.

The Bouda fever, though it had been extinguished in one, by a kind of sympathetic influence communicated itself to others. Two women—one a perfect virago, who day and night quarreled and fought with her husband, and the other a slender, timid creature, whose business, on that journey, consisted in washing her partner's feet and in gathering fuel—almost simultaneously begun their saltatory antics. I had already enough for one evening of demon exhibition, and, being fatigued, sought my hard pallet, and, lulled by the discordant and shrill



notes of fiends and demons, slept till dawn bade me get up and move.

This curious malady every Abyssinian attributes to the direct power of Aoola Negus and his familiars, and certainly the attack and cure have a touch of mystery about them. I have, however, noticed that the persons most subject to the Bouda influence labor under some mental or bodily disorder, or have an organic or functional defect in their system. An excitable temper, exuberant fancy, and stormy passions, predispose to this malady. The sober, moral, and virtuous of both sexes enjoy perfect immunity from the foul demon's assaults. Frequently people warned me not to be too intimate with certain classes, as they were notorious for their ken in the black art. I invariably ridiculed their caution, and, in the presence of the most suspected, challenged all the powers of Aoola Negus and his familiars. That there is something in these attacks, and in their mode of cure, which transcends ordinary diseases, no one who has watched the tortured sufferers' sudden transition from raving frenzy to meek docility, can well deny; but whether it is epilepsy or catalepsy, a mental or physical disorder, I sincerely hope that the spread of light and knowledge, religion and virtue, will ere long neutralize the terror inspired by Aoola Negus and his confederates throughout the length and breadth of that beautiful, but most degraded and polluted land.

### AQUARIA.

THERE is no household toy, if so we choose to denominate it, more ornamental and instructive than the aquarium, and though requiring some intelligence and considerable care and skill in its management, none is more remunerative in the entertainment and instruction which it affords. "The aquarium," says Sidney Hibbard, "introduces us to new scenes hitherto hidden from our view, makes us acquainted with the ceremony of creatures of whose very existence many of us were previously ignorant. Their habits of feeding, of moving and burrowing; their battles, their changes of form, the display of even a strange intelligence, working its ways by wonderful means to wonderful ends, impress the observer with an idea of the boundlessness, the variety, the adaptations and resources of a world brimming with life, in all manner of strange forms and developments. In the midst of it all we see the everlasting Wisdom watching, loving, and sustaining, and happy are we to get some glimpses of his method of work-

ing through the medium of strange creatures, which we draw from their native waters to throw a new radiance in our homes."

The construction of the aquarium depends on the realization, in a small space, of the great balancing arrangement in the universe between the two great kingdoms of animal and vegetable life. Animals consume oxygen from the atmosphere, or from the water in which they live, and emit carbonic acid; plants absorb carbonic acid, appropriate the carbon, and emit the oxygen; any arrangement by which this equilibrium can be maintained between aquatic plants and animals is an aquarium. The fulfillment of this purpose is essential, the rest may be arranged by the taste and ability of the individual. The requisites are a tank, fresh or sea-water, aquatic plants, and aquatic animals.

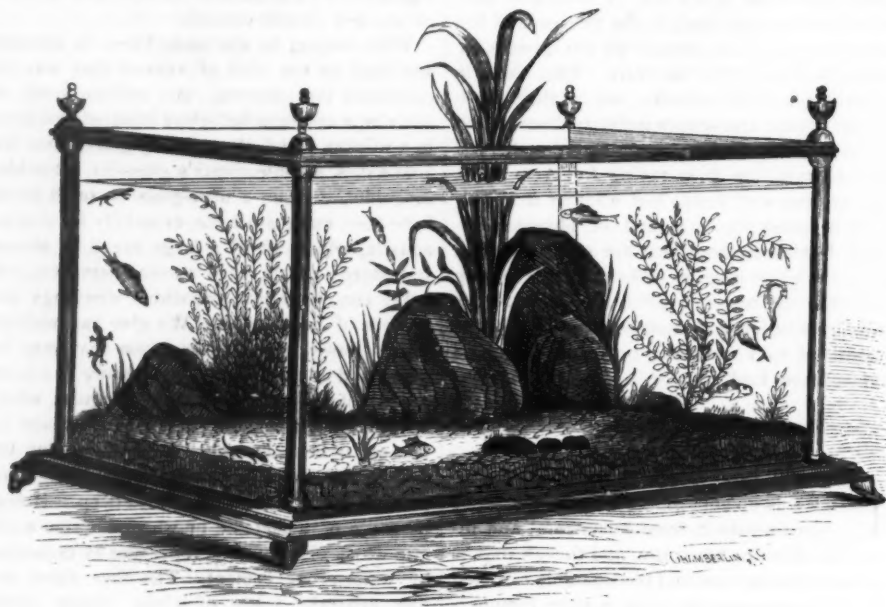
With respect to the tank, there is scarcely any limit to the kind of vessels that may be converted into aquaria. An earthen bowl of any size, a common bell-glass inserted and fixed in a wooden stand, the ordinary globes used for gold fishes, a confectioner's glass-jar, a tumbler or goblet, or even a wine-glass or small phial, have been made available, especially for marine aquaria, which afford a large range of almost stationary animals, such as sea-anemones, serpulæ, etc., to which capacious dwellings are matters of no moment. We give two well-accepted forms, one a glass globe that may be purchased of the dealers in glassware in a large variety of shapes, the other rectangular, which is of easy construction, and may be made by the aquarianist himself. A neat size for the rectangular aquarium is two feet long, eighteen inches wide, and fourteen inches deep. It may be made of a metallic or wooden frame-work, into which glass of the proper size is cemented by water-proof cement. The four sides are now generally made of glass. Some prefer opaque ends, slate answering a very good purpose, the emerald, velvet-like appearance which the growth of *conservæ* soon causes them to assume, adding greatly to the beauty of the aquarium. When made wholly of glass, and it is seen that too much light causes too rapid a growth of *conservæ*, the evil can be remedied by covering the back, and the ends too if necessary, with dark-colored paper or muslin, and the amount of light may be regulated by the depth of such covering.

In addition to the tank, the aquarianist should provide himself with a few feet of India-rubber tubing, to serve as a syphon to draw off the water when necessary, and to remove any sediment; a glass tube for dipping out any semiliquid, or any small, offensive object, and which

is thus used: Place the finger or thumb on the top of the tube before inserting it in the water; place the tube directly over the object to be removed; lift the finger for a moment and the object will rise into the tube with the rush of water, and can then be easily withdrawn. A pair of wooden forceps to remove any larger body or solid substance, and which any one can make for himself out of a piece of hickory wood; a sponge stick, to wipe from the glass any conservoid growth, and a small hand-net, with fine meshes, for taking out any of the animals it may be desirable to remove—mosquito netting will answer the purpose. Nothing more is necessary, though experience will suggest the utility of other simple instruments. When the

aquarium is out of order—when the water becomes milky or yellow, and the fishes come to the surface to breathe oxygen, the best remedy is not to agitate the water or throw it away, but to syphon it off into shallow vessels—placing the animals into the shallowest of them—to expose the water for two or three days to the action of the atmosphere, and it will purify itself, the oxygen of the atmosphere decomposing the carbonic acid gas, which is the cause of the mischief. The best exposure for an aquarium is a northern or eastern, the worst is a southern one.

For a fresh-water aquarium clear spring or river water is best, but pump water will answer well if the plants are allowed sufficient time to



FRESH-WATER AQUARIUM.

aerate it before the animals are introduced. The water will become soft. For the salt-water aquarium, of course sea-water is the best, but an artificial sea-water can easily be made and substituted for it, answering the purpose well and at a comparatively trifling expense. The following recipe is the best: Common table salt, 81 parts, Epsom salts, 7 parts, chloride of magnesium, 10 parts, chloride of potassium, 2 parts. One pound of this mixture will make nearly three gallons of sea-water. It should be well mixed in an earthen pan or jar and allowed to stand for a week, so that any insoluble particles or impurities in the chemicals may be deposited. It should during that time be fully exposed to

the atmosphere and sun, but so protected that no rain can fall into it. Its specific gravity should not be less than 1.026, or greater than 1.028. As the water falls in the tank by evaporation it should be brought up to its original level by the addition of *fresh* water, remembering that the salts remain after evaporation.

When the tank is at length ready for fitting up, the bottom should be covered with small pebbles or gravel to the depth of from two to three inches. Earth is unnecessary, as water plants, with a few exceptions, derive their nourishment from the element in which they grow. The mud is but an anchorage-ground for them. Many of the aquatic plants require no anchor-

age, but grow floating. Pebbles are preferable to sand, as the sand becomes compact under the pressure of the water, and the small particles of decayed vegetation, etc., remain on its surface, whereas they disappear in the interstices of the pebbles. The pebbles also soon become coated with *confervæ*, and are then both ornamental and useful. Rocks are next to be added and arranged according to the taste of the owner, advantage arising from one or two of them projecting above the water. For a fresh-water aquarium there should not be too much rock-work, remembering that "the more rock, the less water," and in the fresh-water aquarium groupings of sea-shells, branches of coral, etc., are manifestly incongruous and should never be allowed.

In the introduction and grouping of the plants there is room for the display of much taste, though utility—the capacity of the plants for evolving oxygen—should be the first consideration. It must be kept in mind that the purpose of vegetation is to decompose the poisonous carbonic acid gas thrown off by animals, the carbon being absorbed into the substance of the plants and the oxygen being set free for the use of the animals. Modern experience has shown that the *confervæ* and minuter vegetation indigenuous to the aquarium, are themselves sufficient for the production of oxygen, and the introduction of other plants is for taste and ornament, and the skill of the aquarianist must be exercised in this. For this purpose the following are the best for fresh-water aquaria: *Calla Ethiopica*, African calla; it will thrive well and flower freely, even in a small tank. It requires considerable depth of anchorage, or its buoyancy will lift it out of its place. It may be procured at any green-house. *Lobelia Cardinalis*, with its brilliant, intensely scarlet flowers, works well in the aquarium. *Acarus Calamus*, the common sweet-flag, grows rapidly, sending up its erect blades to a great height. *Alisma Plantago*, great water-plantain, makes a handsome center plant. *Sagittaria Sagittifolia*, arrow-head, is an elegant plant, and is common in all ponds and streams. The best plant for the aquarium is *Valisneria Spiralis*, being vigorous and healthy in growth, and especially valuable in its oxygenating quality; fortunately it is quite common. *Hippuris Vulgaris*, common mare's-tail, and *Anacharis Alsinastrium*, sometimes called water-thyme, are very common and grow readily and improve greatly in the aquarium.

A tank is generally fit for the reception of its animal inmates in from three days to a week after the introduction of the plants, but pond snails may be introduced simultaneously with

the vegetation. In stocking an aquarium two things must be borne in mind—the fishes must not be too large, and they must not be too numerous. Large fish consume more oxygen than this artificial tank can supply. "A tank holding six gallons of water will not safely support more than three fish, averaging three and a half inches in length, in addition to the muscles and snails required as scavengers. A newt and a very small eel or two might be added without danger. After some weeks, especially in warm weather, and when the stones begin to show considerable *confervoid* growth, fifty or even a hundred snails may be put in with good results, as they will clean out all decaying vegetation and keep the water pure and bright." Small gold-fish will of course be the first choice of the aquarianist; but the minnow, the common shiner, the yellow perch, the sunfish, the dace, the common sucker, may all, or some of them, be brought together in peace and harmony, and will afford a sufficient variety of animated nature. But these selections must be left to the taste and judgment of the aquarianist. No small part of the value and interest of an aquarium lies in learning how to take care of one, to preserve the plants and animals, and to gain knowledge of their nature and habits, as well from failure as from success. No number of failures should deter from further experiments, as in this way only will the operator learn the great extent and variety of interesting objects of observation and study that may be brought to his hand by means of the aquarium.

We need not add much in the special treatment of the salt-water aquarium. The general principles already given apply equally in the treatment of marine plants and animals. Of course the best water for these aquaria is the water of the ocean; but the marine aquarium is not beyond the reach of persons living remote from the sea-coast. We have already given a recipe for artificial sea-water which answers every purpose, and the plants and animals, in these days of "express delivery," can easily be transported to remote parts of the country. The rules for the preparation of a salt-water aquarium are the same as those for the fresh-water one, save that marine shells may be advantageously mixed with the gravel, and more rock-work be allowed. The tank should for a while be exposed to a strong light, a small plant of *Ulva latissima*, commonly known as sea-lettuce, or of *Enteromorpha compressa*, having been first introduced. By persons living away from the sea either or both these plants may be obtained from some friend on the sea-coast, and with several varieties of actinæ and other zoöphytes,



SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

can be forwarded by express, in a tin vessel with a perforated lid. The sea-water sent with them may be added to the artificial preparation with the best consequences, even though it be only a pint or two. The scores of marine plants which it contains will, under a good light, so rapidly develop themselves as to afford the most ample aeration. The two plants already named, with the plants developed from the sea-water sent with them, will be all that will really be necessary for oxygenation. Others may be added for beauty and variety. When the tank is prepared some sea-anemones, vulgarly known as "sea-

flowers," may be introduced. They are the most curious, beautiful, and plentiful of the zoöphytes or animal-plants. A sufficient account of their nature and habits will be found in our June number.

A splendid addition to the several species of anemone is a group of *Serpula contortuplicata*. The fan-like and pectinated gills of the serpulæ, with their curious stoppers and twisted shelly tubes, have a very lively and animated appearance. The tubes are found in clusters, attached to empty shells, or other substances, and from these the gorgeous scarlet heads of the



serpulæ obtrude, and into them they suddenly retreat when disturbed. To these may be added some specimens of the hermit crab, *Pagurus longicarpus*, the common edible crab, *Lupa dicantha*, the fiddler crab, *Gelasimus vocans*, and the spider crab, or sea-spider, *Libinia caniculata*. To prevent excessive confervoid growth some molasses should be introduced. The *Buccinum obsoletum*, to be picked up by thousands along all our shores, is useful for this purpose. It is unnecessary to enumerate the fishes suitable for a marine aquarium, since they are quite secondary to the many other curious and interesting objects which the sea supplies.

#### THE SAN GABRIEL.

JULY 4,\* 1497, will ever be memorable in the maritime annals of Portugal. It stands at the head of things; is an era-point, from which unfolds the grandest history.

The acorn falls from the lofty parent tree, and buried beneath the leaves and rich surface-soil, begins a growth which is continuous, while many generations come and go. So with man's undertakings. Acts and enterprises which, at their inception, appear insignificant, become grand in their results. The history of religious and secular enterprise alike admonish us not to despise the day of small things.

The San Gabriel, a flag-ship of 120 tons, left the port of Lisbon at the above date. In company with her was the San Rafael, 100 tons, a caravel of 50 tons, and a store-ship, the four composing a fleet of rare interest. Whither are they bound? What unaccomplished mission of progress or of discovery have they undertaken? Under what impulses are they going forth to combat and conquer the perils of unknown oceans?

The historical basis of the narrative upon which we are about to enter should here be distinctly stated. The San Gabriel is destined for the Indian Ocean, over whose bosom no European vessel has ever yet sailed. The proposition is to gain that ocean by sailing round the southern promontory of Africa, and by so doing to open an oceanic route to India.

It is important to trace first the causes which have led to this undertaking. There appear to be at least three. One was the discovery of America by Columbus. We have seen how John regretted his neglect of Columbus, and the loss to Portugal of the great discovery made

by him, and how these regrets probably shortened his days, and how he would compensate his losses by other discoveries.

But a chief cause of the present undertaking antedates even the birth of Columbus. In 1409 Don Henry, Duke of Viseo, yet young in years, while serving under his father, acquired much renown in the reduction of Cantá, at the time the strongest Moorish garrison in Africa. For his services he was placed in command, with a strong force, to preserve the conquest. Here he was unconsciously at the head of the world's affairs for generations to come. Of a most inquisitive turn, he was in constant converse with the Moors who penetrated the interior of Africa in search of ivory, gold-dust, and other valuables. From these he learned much about the seas and coasts of Western Africa, and the peoples dwelling on their borders, and of the nomadic tribes, and of Jaloofs, whose borders skirt the desert to the north, and Guinea on the south. Moreover, he was further addicted to the study of geography, mathematics, and astronomy, and drew about him those from every land that could advance him in these branches.

As the result of his inquiries and studies, he attained the conviction that Africa could be circumnavigated. This conviction was at variance with universal opinion. A story had been floating along down the ages that, 604 years before Christ, a Phœnician fleet had sailed down the eastern coast of Africa and round its southern projection, and had returned by the Straits of Gades to the mouth of the Nile. Sages, however, all treated this as a fiction. Polybius declared it was unknown "whether Africa was a continuous continent stretching toward the south, or whether it was surrounded by the sea. Strabo confessed ignorance of its form, and Ptolemy, the greatest of ancient geographers, supposed Africa went without interruption to the south pole, becoming broader and broader as it advanced." Henry, however, discredited the Sages, and believed firmly the possibility of sailing round Africa, as did Columbus afterward, from analogous investigations, that a great world lay in the western waters.

Henry's faith as to the circumnavigation of Africa was profoundly operative. In the harbors at Sagres he was constantly engaged in ship-building, and various nautical enterprises and studies. It is said the first two ships he sent forth, went out so suddenly and early, one morning, that he was supposed to have had a revelation, a favor of which he was thought worthy, as his piety was as marked as his energy.

\* Authorities differ as to the day of the month. It is variously placed as follows: July 4th, 7th, 8th, 28th. The fourth is doubtless the day of sailing from Lisbon.

Henry's idea descended to John. The return of Bartholomew Diaz doubly assures John of the correctness of Prince Henry's theories. John dies, but implores Emanuel to prosecute the matter to completion. The account of Diaz, the *third* cause for the sailing of the San Gabriel, had already inspired Emanuel, and he soon makes the idea of the grand Prince Henry his one great concern. Thus much for the causes of this enterprise.

There is yet a small chapter of facts necessary to show the genius and spirit of the enterprise.

Ten years have elapsed since the return of Bartholomew Diaz from the Cape of Storms. The prince that inaugurated that great movement, and under whose auspices so much advancement has been made in opening the globe, has deceased. Emanuel has come to the throne animated with the spirit of Henry and of John. Already he has given himself earnestly to the work of renewing the effort to discover a route to India. Serious difficulties, however, have arisen. The account of Diaz of perils, storms, barbarous tribes, desolate and unpeopled wastes, had had the effect of arraying the public mind against the renewal of the undertaking. Even the counselors he called in on the subject arrayed themselves against it. "Never," says one, "was an expedition more unpopular." Emanuel, nevertheless, was resolute. Wealth, power, glory, the extension of the kingdom of Christ, were motives too high to be laid aside at the instance of a cowardly clamor. The order is given for the vessels to be prepared.

Vasco de Gama is the honored admiral of the expedition. He is "a gentleman of the king's household." "In person he is short and stout, with a florid complexion." He is a man of valor and consummate naval skill—"the prototype of some of England's greatest admirals." He is utterly without fame in the world, yet has all the qualities for its achievement. He was born in the little town of Sines, but no one knows when. Emanuel knows him. "Intrepid, full of perseverance, patient in difficulties, fertile in expedients, superior to all opposition, violent in temper, terrible in anger, and sudden in the execution of justice or of vengeance," he is, all in all, the best man to command the expedition. So thought the king. On receiving his appointment, it is said, his soul was filled with joy and fired with ambition. He told the king he had long sighed for the honor of conducting such an enterprise. One of Portugal's great poets has described his spirit at this time:

"Let skies on fire,  
Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,

I dare them all," I cried, "and but repine  
That one poor life is all I can resign."

It is related, also, that he had most solemnly devoted himself to death if success did not crown his attempt. Such was the commander of the San Gabriel.

But the ships are in waiting. They gayly float in the bay beneath the lights and smiles of Lisbon's happy people. Every timber is new. The storms as yet have not tried those sails; the waters of no strange seas have yet dashed their sides or leaped their decks. Sainly names have been given them as an invocation that saintly powers may watch over them, and to calm the fears of the superstitious crews, when, by the second band of adventurers, the Cape of Storms is again reached.

The last evening has come, and religion is now invoked to add its sanctions. De Gama and his companions repair to the place appointed for this solemn service. A procession, composed of the religious orders, and almost the whole people of Lisbon, march in their cowls, bareheaded, and carrying wax candles, weeping and pouring forth lamentations over those they deem ill-fated and devoted to destruction. The night being spent in prayer, the early morning beholds them putting to sea. Diaz, the discoverer of the Cape, is appointed to accompany De Gama some distance, and Alenquer—pilot to Diaz—is to conduct the fleet throughout the voyage. Farewell, farewell, sighed many a heart that morning as the sails of the Gabriel faded away from the view.

Once fairly out to sea, it was four months before any terrestrial object became visible, when they came to St. Helena, where they obtained a much-needed supply of water and provisions. On setting sail thence for the Cape of Good Hope, they soon encountered a severe change of weather. So piercing and boisterous were the winds that it was difficult for the pilot to give his orders. The ships were wafted upward, and then precipitated by whirlwinds to watery chasms beneath. To add to their distress a dismal darkness continually brooded over the waters. Well was it that they were ignorant of the fact that they were in the most perilous region of the oceanic world. Here, sometime afterward, a tempest arose so suddenly that the crews had not time to furl their sail, and four ships were dashed upon each other and engulfed with all on board. One of these ill-fated vessels was commanded by Diaz, the immortal discoverer of the Cape.

Here, then, was the greatest trial of the voyage, and grandeur in human character no where finds a sublimer illustration than in De Gama

in this trying emergency. Broken with fatigue, and sinking with despair, his companions implored him upon their knees that he would not longer expose them to a death so dreadful. "The gale," they pleaded, "can no longer be endured. Our life, our homes, our dear ones, prudence itself, all demand an abandonment of the voyage." Is it within the possibilities of human nature to withstand such an appeal? De Gama is immovable. Death or success is now more than ever his stern resolve. As a last resort a conspiracy is formed, of which it seems Alenquer himself is a party. All concerned are immediately put in irons, and now the *Admiral himself stands night and day at the helm.*

The stormy Cape is in the distance. The elements, confronted by Diaz ten years since, are now expending their fury upon De Gama, rallying, spirit-like, their utmost force and appalling terrors to drive him back. Superstition had peopled the region with specters, and through the folds of the storm De Gama himself fancied he saw the presiding spirit of the Cape. Twenty of the most wonderful and trying days that ever came successively into a single human life have now passed, and the storm begins to lull. The elements settle, the sky clears, the sun comes forth. Lo! yonder in the distance are visible the heights of the Cape! Nay, more, De Gama sees that it is past, and not a vessel is lost!

Well might the great achievement be the occasion of joyous demonstration, if such joy be not too great for utterance. The mightiest fears are overcome, the strongest trials, the greatest perils, are past. Sounds of jubilee break over the waters. Gun responds to gun in joyous salute. Pennons are flying from every vessel and mast-head, while strains of music aid the expression of gladness. Hardy tars embrace each other for joy; the mutinous are unloosed, and rejoice in a triumph of which they had despaired, and all are summoned to thanksgiving to Him whom winds and seas obey, and "whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known." Such a scene rarely happens beneath the sun, and we almost wonder that beings from the invisible do not appear with congratulations.

We make no mention here of the lesser incidents between the Cape and India. Of the various places at which they touched, Melinda was of chiefest interest. In the far solitudes of an unknown world, they found it to be a place of splendor. The streets were spacious, while the houses were constructed in the most substantial manner of stone, two stories, and covered with terraces. The citizens wore tur-

bans of silk and gold, and in many things seemed refined and cultured, and extremely hospitable. De Gama's reception was remarkably cordial. The King in person paid him his respects, and manifested a considerateness and good sense in other respects that was surprising. After supplying every want he tendered the services of a trustful and skillful pilot to conduct De Gama to India, and requested that on his return he would call, that he might send an embassy to his sovereign.

Friday, April 14, 1498, the great mariner, with his new pilot, set final sail for the long-sought haven of India. He is now sailing, with wonderful emotions, over waters never before traversed by a European vessel. The earnest of the joy of his great triumph is increasing. He sees its grandeur and the wonderful effects it will produce upon the thought, the enterprise, and activity of the globe. Well may he tread the deck with quicker pace and more buoyant heart. Twenty days have now passed, and over the great ocean where he sails no land is seen. He is watching for it as never before. At length the outlines become visible. Approaching nearer the Melindere pilot points him to the hills that overlook Calicut, the commercial emporium of the Orient, and humbly asks his reward. The triumphant but grateful Admiral summons his people to prayer and praise. This first duty over, a feast is ordered for the ships' companies, and two leagues from the city the anchors are cast and sails furled—the San Gabriel rests. A messenger is sent to the shore, and finds a Moor who speaks the Spanish. Overjoyed, he is hastened into the presence of the Admiral. All are affected even to tears to meet him, and De Gama embraces him with the affection of a friend; asks if he is a Christian, and how he came to India.

De Gama, now the most wonderful stranger that ever visited the shores of India, is invited to the royal residence. He proceeds in his own boat under the sound of booming ordnance, and trumpets, and stirring strains, known better at Lisbon than at Calicut. Over him waves the flag of the military order of Christ—"a white cross within a red"—the special gift of Emanuel. Three thousand of the royal guard await him on the shore and escort him to the royal presence. As he moved with the royal pageant De Gama remarked, with some emotion, to one of his officers, "Little do they think in Portugal what honor is paid us here."

The royal chamber was one of transcendent splendor, the most gorgeous that Asiatic pride and wealth could produce. The Zamorin reclined upon a sofa of purest white silk, richly

bejewelled, with a canopy of gold overhead. He was elderly in appearance, of full habit, and brown complexion. His coat was adorned with roses of beaten gold. He was crowned with a jeweled miter. His ears, fingers, and toes sparkled with diamonds, and his arms and legs were laden with golden bracelets. His demeanor was befitting the greatest Mangu of the earth.

Such was the presence into which De Gama and his companions were ushered. The awe that such a presence naturally awakened was soon relieved. On calling for water, a golden cup with a spout was brought in. Advised that it would be vulgar to touch the vessel with their lips, the spout was held at some distance. They were not accustomed to receive a stream of water into their mouths in such manner. The result was ludicrous. One missed the mark, another besprinkled himself, another strangled, another was set to coughing, and all were excited to laughter at the strangers' expense. These ceremonies over, De Gama announced himself an ambassador to the Zamorin from the King of Portugal, to negotiate alliance, to open commercial intercourse, and to convert his subjects to Christianity. Readiness was expressed for all but the conversion; but in the end all negotiations proved to be difficult. Calicut was the emporium for spices, drugs, calicoes, gold, silver, and precious stones. Thither came the merchants of many lands. These tradesmen were jealous of the stranger from afar, and made it difficult for De Gama to perfect satisfactory arrangements with the sovereign. Yet from that hour trade and commerce found a new channel and the world opened new books.

Having accomplished a mission, such as rarely falls to the lot of man, De Gama set his sail for the homeward voyage. Was ever a prouder return granted to adventure? Did not his very sails clap their hands? He called at Melinda, received the embassy, doubled again the stormy Cape, and September, 1499, anchored in the waters whence he had sailed. Yet not with the same crew, nor with the same vessels. The San Rafael was wrecked; the store-ship was burned; the San Gabriel was condemned; the remaining vessel had slipped away to be the first to break the news to Emanuel. The Admiral and his crew marched again to the same church to offer thanksgiving and prayers. Blessings and honors innumerable were conferred upon him, and De Gama was the hero of Portugal and the mariner of the world.

What was the significance of the voyage of the San Gabriel? Had any thing more than a

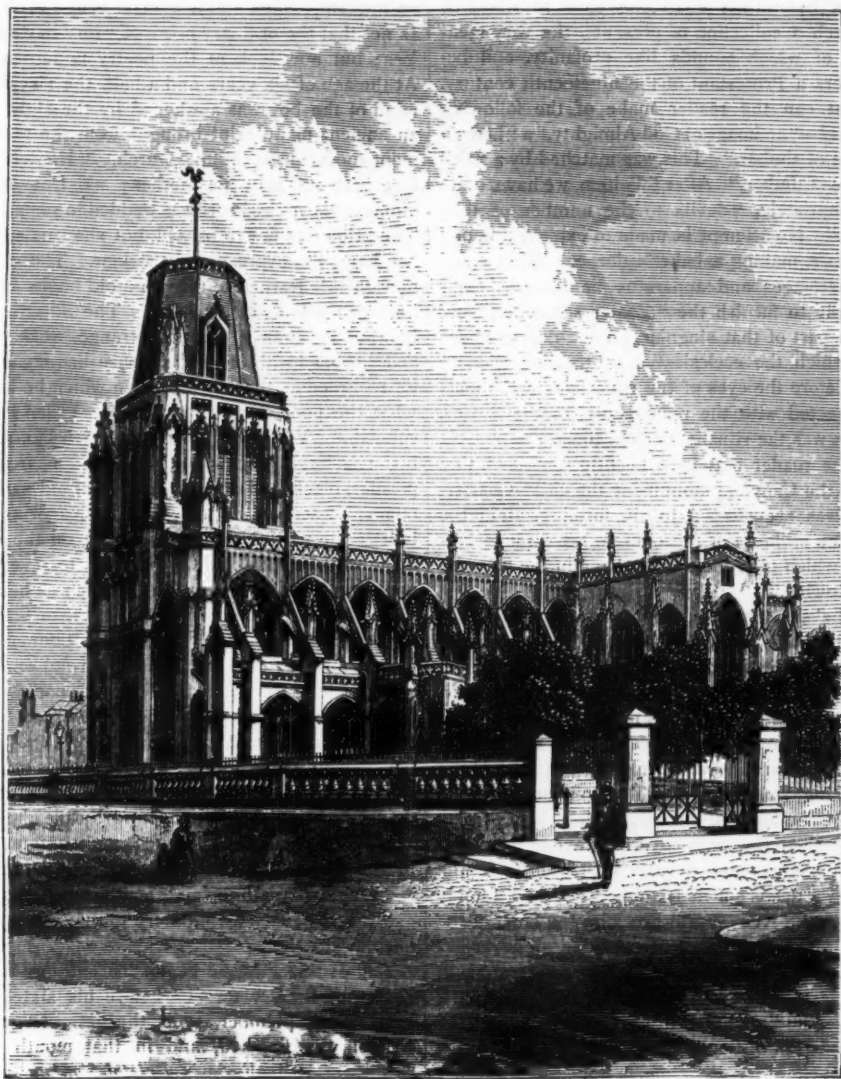
great exploit been performed? Yes, indeed. Untold significance belonged to this voyage. The establishment of trade with India was the great want of the cities of Europe. All trade had hitherto been overland, and beset with many difficulties. When the Turk came into power, by the conquest of Constantinople and Egypt, India became a closed land to all Western Europe. A channel of communication less liable to interruption was felt to be all important. The San Gabriel, a grand pioneer of progress, has opened it and passed it to and fro. Trade changes its course forever. The Mediterranean is no longer the theater of the world's activity. Italy goes down—the great depots on the Mediterranean are closed—Portugal rises to power and glory, Lisbon is the world's great depot, and thither the merchants of Europe flock for silks, for spices, and Eastern produce.

Thus the curtain of time falls upon the drama of its events. January 1, 1500, the world was known as never before. It was a glorious New-Year's day. Yet even then how little was known of the globe that God has given mankind!

#### CHATTERTON AND REDCLIFFE CHURCH.

TO the traveler pushing through the close, crowded, commercial, and manufacturing Redcliffe-street, Bristol, the Redcliffe Church gradually reveals its varied beauty and magnificence. The rich tower, the west front, the noble north porch, and the elevation of the building, above the busy world at its feet, combine to justify the proud description of "the finest parish church in England." Nor is the beauty all outside; the interior is an architectural poem, full of that suggestive power which stirs the imagination and calls up a thousand rich associations. That long vista of sculptured stone, the "high embowed roof," the antique and graceful pillars, have all the impressiveness of true poetry. Then the question will arise, who founded this noble pile? Is an answer confidently given? Yes. In the streets of the old city you will, very likely, be told that William Canynge, "the richest merchant of Bristol," built St. Mary, Redcliffe. Perhaps some may add that Simon de Burton, Mayor of Bristol, began to build in 1292, and William Canynge, the elder, finished about 1370. This seems so careful a decision that most are disposed to receive it, and depart, marveling much that two Bristol merchants should have been able to raise so glorious a monument. Not two, however, but a dozen names may claim to





REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

be registered on the founders' roll. Besides Burton, William Canynge, senior, and William Canynge, junior, there are the Harringtons, Hungerfords, Cradocks, Medes, Sturtons, Dy-ricks, Says, Grants, Cheyneys, Fulks, Fitzwarrens, Straffords, Berkleys, and Montacutes, who aided, at various times, in the erection of the church.

Redcliffe Church contains the monuments of two once famous men. On the canopied tomb, under the center window of the south transept, lies the figure of a man clad in mayor's robes, whose epitaph speaks more of earth than of

heaven. We are told that he was "the richest merchant in Bristol," that he was five times mayor, employed 800 workmen, and was the owner of nine ships, the names and tonnage of which are carefully given. We also learn that, about seven years before his death, he took orders. This was William Canynge, the younger, so famous in Bristol annals. The merchant did not trust to sentimental emotions for the preservation of his name; he left a good round sum for the celebration of his funeral, with due pomp, and also for prayers and the burning of wax tapers. In the year 1470, four

years before his death, he gave to Redcliffe Church a collection of presents, the very mention of which sounds like profanity, and bewilders a Protestant of the nineteenth century. What can the reader make of the following items?—"an image of God Almighty," a "heaven made of timber." This was matched by a "hell made of timber." After this item, we have, quite appropriately, "devils to the number of thirteen." No attempt is made to explain this odd number, making a baker's dozen. What could such images and apparatus be intended for? Simply to furnish the "Easter sepulcher," and form part of that singular Easter puppet-show, by which the ecclesiastics of the age tried to set before the eyes of the rude people the facts connected with the resurrection of the Savior. Such was the ritualism of old times.

The reader may here be fitly reminded, that near the Canynge monument the child Chatterton was accustomed to sit, forming, amid the solemn stillness of the church, the strange fancies which took their final shape in the "poems of Rowley."

The south transept contains the monument of the once renowned admiral, William Penn, father of the famous founder of Pennsylvania. Here are contrasts! The father, a man of war, rests in one of England's noblest churches; the son, the apostle of a peace society, sleeps in a secluded burial-ground amid the solitudes of the Buckinghamshire hills. The emblems of battle are on the tomb of the one, the wild heath forms a wreath on the grass-covered grave of the other. Torn banners and a rusty sword speak of the father's deeds; a flourishing State and a noble city in the New World proclaim the fame of the son. The monument of the admiral, nevertheless, whispers of peace. We are told that, at the last, he, "with a gentle and even gale, arrived and anchored in his last and best port" on the 16th of September, 1674.

But St. Mary, Redcliffe, is linked with another name, which invests the ancient pile with a peculiar mystery. This church was one of the schools of the boy Thomas Chatterton. Had we seen that strange-looking, Bristol Blue-coat boy sitting by the tomb of Canynge, we might have deemed him a truant idler; yet that child lived to perplex wits, sages, and scholars, and then died, a starving suicide, in a London garret.

It may seem superfluous to say that Thomas Chatterton was born on the 20th of November, 1752, educated in the mere elements of learning at Colston's Blue-coat school, and apprenticed to Mr. Lambert, a Bristol attorney, from whom he parted in wrath in 1770. Surely all this is commonplace enough; a birth, a charity school,

an apprenticeship, and a quarrel with a master. Is not that the ordinary prose of every-day life? Yes; but now look at the poetry underneath. At the age of six years and a half, the sleeping mind of the boy was awakened by the sight of an ancient manuscript brought from the muniment-room in Redcliffe Church. "He fell in love with it," said his mother; and from that moment his young heart was wedded to romance. The bride was fair to behold, but she carried in her hand the cypress and the yew. The child now quickly learned to read, and old books soon became the gods of his heart. The Saturday's half-holiday was a day of strange work. A small room in his mother's house had come to be regarded as the boy's own, in which he kept what the poor wondering relations called "his rubbish." Yes, it did look very much like rubbish; a large piece of ocher, some charcoal-powder, black-lead dust, and sheets of old parchment. It seemed as if he were endeavoring to imitate the writing and figures seen on the old documents in Redcliffe Church, and to give the appearance of antiquity to new parchments. How dirty he did make himself on those Saturday afternoons! No wonder that poor Mrs. Chatterton was angered, almost beyond endurance, by the grimy appearance of her son at tea on Saturdays. Perhaps the boy Chatterton thus came in time to muse: "If I, a poor Blue-coat boy, declare these antique-looking poems which I have written to be mine, nobody will notice them; if I say they were found by me amidst heaps of ancient and long-neglected parchments in the old chests in the Redcliffe muniment-room, curiosity will certainly lead the antiquaries and lovers of mediæval poetry to read, and perhaps to admire."

Full of this idea, he began his extraordinary course of literary forgery before his sixteenth year. In September, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished, and in that month the readers of Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal* read something startling. A short poem, written in old English, appeared in the newspaper, containing a vivid description of the opening of the old bridge, three centuries before. Who had written it? The rumor ran that the author was a Bristol monk of the fifteenth century, named Rowley, chaplain in the family of the great merchant, William Canynge. Where had so remarkable a document lain hidden so long? Who had discovered it? The queries were slowly answered. The boy Chatterton had discovered the ancient MS. in an old chest, where the Canynge records had long been kept. More could not be learned from Chatterton, though the very dons of Bristol questioned him in the

style magisterial and mood imperative. The youth turned sulky, and refused to answer any more questions. Here was a nice problem for antiquaries! an ancient poem discovered by a poor boy; a poet, too, of high power, whose very name had been unknown to the old chroniclers. It was most puzzling. No one, of course, suggested that Chatterton might have written the whole himself. The notion was absurd; a poor Blue-coat boy, working in an attorney's office, exhibit such a power of painting the olden times, and with all the old coloring too! Certainly not.

Chatterton next appears as the discoverer of ancient histories. Mr. Barret, a surgeon of Bristol, was engaged in compiling a history of the famous city. Chatterton brought the anxious topographer copies of ancient documents, which threw a flood of light over the dark ages of Bristol. What could be more fortunate? the precious accounts were duly printed, and may be read in Barret's "History of Bristol."

To the monk Rowley was ascribed the authorship of all. The boy had previously played off a less serious, but personally a more provoking, trick upon a Bristol tradesman named Burgum. The gentleman had a great reverence for titles and pedigrees. Imagine, then, Burgum's ecstasy of delight when the Blue-coat boy gravely showed him a document, entitled, "An Account of the Family of De Bergham from the Norman Conquest." Here was honor! Mr. Burgum's heart and purse were opened; he gave Chatterton five shillings for linking him with the chivalry of Normandy! The boy, in a short time, not only brought a supplement to the first pedigree, but a poem written in the time of Edward II, by a John de Bergham. After the strange boy's sad end, a harrowing suspicion seized Mr. Burgum, and he rushed with his pedigree to the Heralds' College. We will not describe the information there politely and coolly given; we beseech the reader to imagine it.

This was not the only family tree designed by the Bristol Blue-coat boy. Mr. Stephens, breeches-maker, of Salisbury, wished to ascertain his coat-of-arms. Chatterton gratified the gentleman, and also informed him, with due heraldic gravity, that he, the said breeches-maker, was descended from "Stephen, Earl of Aummele, in 1095." The reader will not forget that much knowledge of old history, and no slight acquaintance with heraldry, were necessary to give such fictitious documents the appearance of truth.

But Chatterton had higher aims than the invention of pedigrees. He informed a leading

publisher, in 1768, of the existence of "the oldest dramatic piece extant," written by one Rowley. Surely a London publisher would nibble, if not bite, at such a bait. No answer came, and the ambitious Bristol youth took a bold step. He sent to Horace Walpole a packet of manuscripts on "The Rise of Painting in England," declaring them to be the work of Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. Here was something indeed. Who was this Mr. Chatterton, the fortunate discoverer of such precious relics? perhaps a quiet, affluent, literary gentleman, living in elegant seclusion near Bristol, like Walpole himself at Twickenham. A polite and most complimentary answer was sent to Chatterton, in which some natural inquiries were made respecting the *original* manuscripts. The youth now probably thought the road to fame was open, and informed the fashionable and fastidious Walpole that he was but an attorney's apprentice, eager to devote himself to a literary life. He also forwarded more ancient manuscripts, in which three poets, unknown before, made their appearance.

Matters had now become provoking and mysterious. Here was no gentleman after all, but an unknown attorney's apprentice claiming the protection and patronage of Strawberry Hill! But were the manuscripts really written by this strange Rowley? Walpole was puzzled, and called in the aid of his two poetic friends, Mason and Gray. They pronounced the poems to be clever forgeries, and Walpole wrote a cool note to Chatterton, advising him to attend to his business and become a thriving attorney. The proud spirit of the youth was stung. He soon after quarreled with his master, who deemed him insane, and determined to go to London, where he declared fame and fortune would be found. Some friends subscribed a few guineas, he had received promises of engagements from London publishers, and the prospect was not in reality very dark.

The youth, having reached the metropolis, lodged first in Shoreditch, and afterward in Brooke-street, Holborn. His conduct was now extraordinary; he wrote home declaring himself to be on the high road to fame and fortune. In one letter he exultingly cries out, "Bravo, boys! up we go!" in another, written about a month before his death, he says, "My company is courted every-where," and speaks of himself as the intimate associate of eminent persons. Yet during a great part of this time he was on the verge of absolute want. He had, indeed, obtained access to publishers, and his pocket-book contains various entries of sums paid for articles in magazines; but time was wanted to

work his way, and starvation was gradually approaching. He lodged, during the last ten weeks of his life, at No. 4, Brooke-street, Holborn, in a "garret-room," where his landlady, "Mrs. Angel, sack-maker,"\* gradually awoke to the conviction that her young and strange lodger was in a sad state of poverty. The weekly rent was indeed paid to the day, but the signs of want could not be mistaken. One loaf lasted him for a week, and a stale one was always bought.

Two days before death came the baker refused even the stale loaf, until three shillings and sixpence, then due, were paid. That money was found. A little more must have been obtained, as the next day the young man purchased from Mr. Cross, a neighboring chemist, a little arsenic "for an experiment!" When about to go up to his room that evening, August 24th, Mrs. Angel was struck by a peculiar gentleness in his manner, and by his kissing her when he bade "good-night." The next morning the young Bristol poet, the author of Rowley's poems, was found dead, a suicide, in his eighteenth year. Alone, he had dreamed when a child, in Redcliffe Church; alone, he had toiled over his parchments in his little room in his mother's house; and alone, he died in the heart of London. The state of his room spoke plainly of the bitter and resentful feelings which agitated his spirit in his last mortal hour. His papers were torn into fragments and scattered about the room, and on one small piece were the words, "My curse to Bristol." Yet in that city his mother and sister were then rejoicing in his prosperity, and looking for the meeting at Christmas, which he had promised them. The people of his native place had often called him "mad," and the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of *felo de se*. The printed report of the inquest has been declared to be a *forgery*. Even the grave of the unfortunate poet has been matter for discussion.

Where is he buried? In the work-house burial-ground, Shoe Lane, says the greater number, and Mr. Godwin produces an entry from the burial register, which seems decisive: "August 28, 1770, William Chatterton, Brooke-street." Some one has added the words "the poet." Every part of this entry agrees with the fact except the "*William*," instead of *Thomas*. But others assert that the body is really buried in Redcliffe church-yard, relying on a positive statement said to have been made by the mother of Chatterton—that the corpse was brought to Bristol by wagon, and buried at night by Phillips, the sexton. The grave is said

to have been made on the "right hand of the lime-tree standing in the middle of the paved walk." It would certainly be more pleasant to believe that the bones of "the marvelous boy" rest near the places which first moved his imaginative mind, than that the bones were scattered long ago, when the market was built on the Shoe Lane burial-ground.

After the death of Chatterton a furious controversy arose. Had the remarkable poems been really written by the monk Rowley? This was maintained by Dean Miller, the antiquary Jacob Bryant, Dr. Glynn, Dr. Symons, and Dr. Sherwin, and by Mr. Catcott, Bristol, who had bought and sold them as originals. These gentlemen argued with force, that it was impossible for a Blue-coat boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age to have written such poems as the "Song of Ella," or "Canynge's Feast," and to have imitated so closely the old English of the fifteenth century. Dean Miller, in his enthusiasm, placed Rowley *above* Homer and on a level with Shakspeare, and published the poems in a rich quarto volume. But there were greater names on the other side. Dr. Johnson, the poets Mason, Gray, and Southey, Horace Walpole, the critics Tyrwhitt, Wharton, Sir Herbert Croft, Malone, George Steevens, Pinkerton, Gough, and George Chalmers, stoutly asserted all the poems to be the works of Chatterton himself. The public agreed in this judgment; but then rose the cry, "What a genius was allowed to perish in a Holborn garret!" The language of Johnson, when his prejudices allowed him to read the poems of the uneducated student, was, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge."

Are there any visible memorials of this boy-poet? The London house in which he so miserably perished has disappeared, now forming a part of Meeking's furnishing warehouse. Fourteen years after Chatterton's death, Philip Thicknesse, Esq., raised a monument to the poet at St. Catherine's Hermitage, near Bath. At length, after several refusals by the parish authorities, a monument was erected, close to Redcliffe Church, in the year 1840, by public subscription. The figure of Chatterton, in the dress of a Blue-coat boy, stands on the summit of the monument, holding the poem "Ella" in his hand. Seventy years before, the starving poet left his "curse to Bristol;" but the old city has done late honor to the name of her wayward but wonderful child. In 1853 a new stone was placed over the grave of Chatterton's father and mother.

Redcliffe Church will for many ages be

\* Dress-maker; *sack* was then the name for a lady's dress.



associated with the strange story of Chatterton. Few will gaze on the monument of the merchant-prince, William Canynge, and not think of the wonderful child who once made a poem from the sculptured marble. The magnificent architecture of the church will recall the image of the Blue-coat boy whose imagination saw the men of bygone ages clustering around its columns, or moving down the nave.

### THE FIRST MIRACLE.

IT is marvelous with what simplicity of style and naturalness of spirit the evangelists record the most extraordinary events in the wonderful life they are depicting. They tell us of these events in a manner as simple and unimpassioned as if they were narrating the most natural and ordinary occurrences. No exclamations, no preliminary flourishes, no exaggerations are used to arrest the attention and awaken the astonishment of the reader. The style of the narrative is as unostentatious as the miracles themselves are free from extravagance and display; evidently the same spirit that wrought the wonders, directed and controlled the evangelists in recording them. "And the third day," that is the next day but one after the calling of Nathanael, "there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there, and both Jesus was called, and his disciples to the marriage." Thus is introduced the simple and natural circumstances of the first of our Lord's miracles. And at its conclusion the only comment is, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

Two sites have been assigned for Cana of Galilee. The traditional site is at Kefr Kenna, a small village about four and a half miles northwest of Nazareth. It now contains only the ruins of a church said to stand over the house in which the miracle was performed, and, which is doubtless much older, the fountain from which the water for the miracle was brought. It lies in a basin among the range of hills which encircles Nazareth. It was the native village of Nathanael, the guileless Israelite, by whose invitation, possibly, Jesus and his disciples were present at the marriage. It was in this little village also that our Savior was found when he healed the nobleman's son at the point of death in Capernaum. Dr. Robinson, however, places Cana at a village situated farther north, about five miles north of Sepphoris, and nine miles north of Nazareth, near the present *Jefat*, the Jotapata of the Jewish wars. This village still

bears the name of *Kana-el-jelil*. It is a small village, and most of its houses have a neglected and half-ruined appearance.

The presence of Jesus at this wedding is perfectly natural; the whole transaction is in keeping with his character and his human relations. His mother was one of the guests, whether through any kinship with either the bride or bridegroom, or whether on invitation through neighborly and social relations, we do not positively know. She seems to be taking an active interest in the order and success of the wedding, and acts rather as one who had a right to be there, as is evidenced by her appeal to her Son, and from her ordering the servants afterward. Nothing is said of Joseph, the husband of Mary. It is commonly supposed that Joseph was ere this gathered to his fathers. The presence of the mother makes natural the presence of the Son. It was probably through the invitation of Nathanael, who would naturally invite his friend Philip, and with him his fellow-townsmen, Peter and Andrew, that the disciples accompanied Jesus, and were thus present as witnesses chosen before, to see our Savior's first miracle.

It is in entire keeping with the manners and hospitality of the East, that these guests, though unexpected, should be cordially welcomed. And yet it was probably the presence of these unlooked-for guests that created the occasion for working the miracle, the family doubtless being of the same lowly station as that of our Lord, and unable to make a bountiful provision of wine. The wedding proceeds with the cheerfulness and festivity of an Oriental marriage. In its cheerful and innocent services the Lord of all heartily participates. He is "made like unto his brethren," and yields in this instance, as in many of the most beautiful incidents of his life, to the claims of social duty. We are permitted thus to see him in the most important and beautiful relations of human life, in the bosom of the family, in the circle of society, fulfilling the laws of both, even the law of innocent pleasure, and interposing by his divine power to supply a want that was not one of the mere necessities of life. "The Son of man came eating and drinking."

The wine, which it had doubtless required an effort to provide, ran short. Mary, who now appears again for the first time since those early events, all of which she had "kept in her heart" and "pondered in her mind," said unto Him, "They have no wine." Why address him, only a guest at the marriage? What did she expect him to do? If the difficulty, as is probable, was occasioned by the unexpected presence of his disciples, was it a hint of the propriety of his



THE FIRST MIRACLE.

withdrawing with his disciples? This would have been an insult to the host, and evidently the Lord did not so understand her, as is clear from his reply—"Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come;" or, as some prefer to render it, "What is it to me and thee?" By the explicit declaration of the evan-

gelist, this was the *first* miracle, thus setting aside once for all the many foolish legends about our Lord's miracles as a child, and making it evident that Mary had not yet seen any manifestation of his miraculous power. Yet during the previous thirty years there must have been a strange intercourse between the holy mother

and the wonderful Son, and no other human being could have such deep thoughts and high hopes of the power and mission of her miraculous child. From what she had seen of his wonderful nature and character, from the experiences and aspirations of his own life which the Son had poured into the bosom of the mother, from the events which she had kept hid in her heart, she felt that he was equal to the emergency, perhaps saw an opportunity to call forth the divine power of her Son, possibly felt a mother's eagerness for his manifestation.

The answer of our Lord to the announcement of his mother has been thought harsh and rude—"Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Dr. William Smith, in his "New Testament History," gives about as good an explanation of this reply as any we have seen. "The original conveys nothing of bluntness by the first word, the same by which Jesus addressed his mother in the very climax of his tenderness upon the cross; but yet the choice of it instead of 'mother,' is a sign of that new relation which appears throughout the whole scene. The man Jesus had, in childhood and youth, been subject to his parents; but such subjection was no longer becoming to Jesus the Christ of God. There seems to have been in the hint of Mary, something of that error which is carried to extremity by the Mariolaters, when they pray the Virgin to *command* her Son to give them their wishes. It was needful that our Savior should correct this error, which affected the motive, the object, and the time for the exercise of his miraculous power. 'What is it to me and thee? Mine hour is not yet come'—is, in effect, a declaration that he must not use his divine powers at the promptings even of a parent, nor for any private object, nor till the fit season, of which the Spirit within him was sole judge. But what is the 'hour' that he speaks of as not yet come? The special use of this phrase elsewhere, for the great crisis of his work, is apt to make us forget that its primary sense is more general, 'my season or opportunity is not yet come.' It is here a rebuke of the impatience which would not wait his time, though followed by the condescension of performing the miracle asked for, as the first example of those which should follow in due season. Mary received the rebuke without discouragement; and, as the friend of the family, she commands the servants to hold themselves at his disposal."

The details of the miracle are so plain that they need no comment. In its character and circumstances it fulfills all the requirements of a true miracle. The object, while in reference

to the occasion of the miracle it is merely to supply the accustomed wine of a wedding-feast, in its higher meaning, is "to manifest his glory," and to establish the belief of his disciples. It was the inauguration of his miraculous mission, and the immediate consequence was, "his disciples believed on him." It was performed with sufficient publicity; "not on a public stage, before an audience excited by vague curiosity, prepared to keep each other and the performer in countenance, and already for the most part indicating their sympathy by their presence, while close criticism is impossible, but in the midst of a moderate number of persons sitting familiarly together, most of them strangers, but a few already chosen to be fit witnesses of all his works." The results were obvious to the senses; the water actually became wine, and was drunk with satisfaction, and even with avowed approbation, by the unconscious guests. There was no possibility of secondary causes, the vessels in which the transmutation took place being vessels of purification, and, therefore, never tinged with any thing but the purest water. It is attested by contemporary witnesses and the record carries down to us from the time of the miracle itself.

The miracle is characterized by the benevolence and completeness which marked all our Savior's works. As in the miracles of feeding the multitudes he is moved by sympathy to supply a present want, but supplies it in abundance, lavishly, much beyond the present necessity, just as the almighty Creator does in all his provisions for his creatures. Here, too, was an act of creation. Yet why be startled at it? The Lord of nature is here. He is only doing quickly by his Divine power, what he is doing gradually every day. It is he who by similar transmutations, no less wonderful because more gradual, is continually changing the single elements of the world into food for man and beast; "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

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GOD loves to lade the wings of prayer with the choicest and chiefest blessings. Many Christians have found, by experience, praying times to be sealing times. They have found a prayer to be a shelter to their souls, a sacrifice to God, a sweet savor to Christ, a scourge to Satan, an inlet to assurance, a step toward heaven.

## MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.\*

ONE of the most graphic scenes in that remarkable book, "The Prince of the House of David," is that in which John the Baptist is represented as declaring the advent of Christ to a multitude gathered on the shore of Jordan. When the evening fell his hearers sought the sheltering walls of Jericho, or encamped on the grassy margin of the stream, while he himself turned his feet toward the desert, and sought repose in its vast solitude. This desert, this dreary, limitless expanse, stretching away from the river's fringe of brighter verdure, seems like a silent but terribly conscious presence throughout the entire discourse of the Prophet. All the long, sunny day we feel its influence—watchful, solemn, oppressive. It is like life in death, and death in life. In Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy" our minds pass through a similar experience from the same influence of that mystery of grief, which always girds us round after we pass certain near boundaries of sight and sense. When the poem is ended, and its words all said, our thoughts travel on, seeking to penetrate that dimly desecrated land across the sea, in whose depths the life of the fair and suffering Fedelma is lost to our view.

Miss Rossetti is neither a complainer nor a sentimentalist; but she has an intense consciousness, which she imparts to the reader, of the many sad and mystical surroundings of humanity, of the nature and the constant proximity of sorrow. Behind the unpurpled landscapes of those pictures which are the most brilliantly colored stretches the broad desert, gray with monotony, yet strangely thronged with troubled life—if life be thought—toward which every soul sometimes journeys, passing its night of tears and prayers. Out of it she comes to place before us a vision of golden-haired maidens, or a smiling country-side; to sing a gay song, a solemn hymn; to it she returns. Not that most of her poems are melancholy in expression. Far from it. Many of them are of cheerful subjects. But, with a few exceptions, underneath the outer flow of words runs a ceaseless monotone. There may be no allusion to sadness, yet the reader is strongly impressed with the reflection that every sound in nature is plaintive, and that every glad scene in life has a near possibility of pain. Thus in Milton. His faculty of sorrow is no where more apparent than in the poem which he de-

votes exclusively to the portrayal of the "merry man."

But Miss Rossetti's pensiveness is far removed from the melancholy of Cowper, the somberness of Young, or the grand gloom of the author of *L'Allegro*. It impresses us as the intuition of a woman who feels that grief is indissolubly connected with every phase of earthly life. Undoubtedly the faculty of sorrow is one of the highest mental endowments. Always prominent in the poetic temperament, it alone can refine and elevate where other possessions are of the most common and stinted development. Henry Ward Beecher's "Rachel Liscombe" is one of those natures. At first she seems only an ordinary, low-voiced New England girl, with heavy hair, and sad, dark eyes, who in time becomes the wife of a plain farmer. But she is interesting, because she had the "gift of melancholy"—her only one. Madame de Stael places these words in the lips of the dying Corinthe—words which might well have come from herself: "Of all the faculties that were born with me, that of sorrow is the only one which I have exercised to the full." The real life of such women as Rachel Liscombe, and the brilliant author of the prose poem of Italy, however diverse their circumstances, however disproportioned to each other their mental strength, is alike in being largely made up of introspection and of pain. Whenever an important scene or mental experience is finished, they pronounce their farewell and their verdict before turning to another. In the short poem, "Amen," Miss Rossetti makes a pause of this description. She is looking back.

"It is over. What is over?

Nay, how much is over truly!  
Harvest days we toiled to sow for;  
Now the sheaves are gathered newly,  
Now the wheat is garnered duly.  
It is finished. What is finished?  
Much is finished, known or unknown.

It suffices. What suffices?

All suffices, reckoned rightly;  
Spring shall bloom where now the ice is,  
Roses make the bramble sightly,  
And the quickening sun shine brightly,  
And the latter wind blow lightly,  
And my garden teem with spices."

For "there are only beginnings," observes Madame de Stael, "on this earth."

How closely Miss Rossetti can ally Nature to sorrow, we may feel in reading "Dream-Land," a dirge over one to whom life was, perchance, grievous, but to whom death was peace and rest:

"Where sunless rivers sweep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmed sleep:  
Awake her not.

\* Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. One Volume. 16mo. Boston: Roberts Bagnall.



She left the rosy morn,  
 She left the fields of corn,  
 For twilight cold and lorn,  
 And water springs.  
 Through sleep as through a veil,  
 She sees the sky look pale,  
 And hears the nightingale  
 That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest,  
 Shed over brow and breast;  
 Her face is toward the west;  
 The purple land.  
 She can not see the grain  
 Ripening on hill and plain;  
 She can not feel the rain  
 Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, forever more  
 Upon a mossy shore;  
 Rest, rest at the heart's core  
 Till time shall cease:  
 Sleep that no pain shall wake,  
 Night that no morn shall break,  
 Till joy shall overtake  
 Her perfect peace."

The poem entitled, "An End," portrays a different type of death, the ideal, with a burial like the other, close to the heart of the great mother. Its style reminds us of some of the old English poets.

"Love, strong as death, is dead.  
 Come, let us make his bed  
 Among the dying flowers;  
 A green turf at his head,  
 And a stone at his feet,  
 Whereon we may sit  
 In the quiet evening hours.  
 He was born in the Spring,  
 And died before the harvesting:  
 On the last warm Summer day  
 He left us; he would not stay  
 For Autumn twilight, cold and gray.  
 Sit we by his grave, and sing  
 He is gone away.  
 To few chords, and sad, and low,  
 Sing we so:  
 Be our eyes fixed on the grass  
 Shadow-veiled as the years pass,  
 While we think of all that was  
 In the long ago."

Although there is no imitation whatever, pieces written in this vein remind us by some subtle process of thought of Herrick's most pleasing efforts, and we begin to search among the treasures stored up, "long ago, and long ago," for his half-forgotten entreaty to the daffodils, that, like ourselves, haste to die, and his lament over the falling blossoms of a tree on whose leaves we

"May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave."

Leaving this class of poems which so intimately blend death with nature, we select one in which death is depicted as looking on, unseen, at life. The poetess calls it, rather drearily we think, "At Home."

"When I was dead my spirit turned  
 To seek the much-frequented house:

I passed the door, and saw my friends  
 Feasting beneath green orange boughs.

I listened to their honest chat;  
 Said one: 'To-morrow we shall be  
 Plod, plod along the featureless sands,  
 And coasting miles and miles of sea.'

Said one: 'To-morrow shall be like  
 To-day, but much more sweet.'

'To-morrow,' said they, strong with hope,  
 And dwelt upon the pleasant way;  
 'To-morrow,' cried they, one and all,  
 While no one spoke of yesterday.  
 Their life stood full at blessed noon;  
 I, only I, had passed away;  
 'To-morrow, and to-day,' they cried;  
 I was of yesterday.

I shivered comfortless, but cast  
 No chill across the table-cloth;  
 I all forgotten, shivered, sad  
 To stay, and yet to part how loath:  
 I passed from the familiar room,  
 I, who from love had passed away,  
 Like the remembrance of a guest  
 That tarried but a day."

"After Death" is rendered in the same ghostly manner. The description of the dead girl, who had concealed her unrequited love, is singularly distinct and picture-like. We stand within the still room on the rush-strewn floor, and breathe the fragrance of the rosemary and may placed around her corpse, and note the ivy-shadows creeping in at the lattice, while we watch the falling tears of him who, although he did not love her living, pitied her when dead. In another piece a shivering wraith stands before its earthly friend, won from slumber by the tears and sobs of love. But, alas! "The Poor Ghost" was not welcome. The terrifying fear of the dead overcame affection. There is nothing revolting about these curious poems; but we still think that we would much prefer to live unvisited by our buried friends, even if we were certain of sufficient mental and nervous stamina to inquire calmly with the poetess:

"O, whence do you come, my dear friend, to me,  
 With your golden hair all fallen below your knee,  
 And your face as white as snow-drops on the lea,  
 And your voice as hollow as the hollow sea!"

Tennyson, who has drawn such beautiful portraits of the different types and temperaments of woman, represents the pensive nature in his "rare, pale Margaret," whom he describes as sitting "all day long" at

"The feast of sorrow,  
 . . . Between  
 Joy and Woe,"

and conversing alternately with each. But Christina Rossetti, though partaking so largely of the spirit of Margaret, sometimes rises from the side of Woe and walks abroad with Joy. At such times her communings with Nature are

as cheerful as they are varied. In the violet-tinted morns, in the golden noons, in the crimson eves, she sings her pleasant songs. Afar over sunny hills, deep in mossy glens; by the marge of gurgling brooks, along the shores of swift rivers, where the sea beats out its thunderous pulses upon the rocks, she leads us with a glad countenance. Even the Winter rain does not seem dreary. She cries rejoicingly while it falls:

"Every valley drinks,  
Every dell and hollow;  
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,  
Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks,  
Buds will burst their edges,  
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,  
In the woods and hedges."

When wintery days have sped, she sings another song—the poet's old, old song of Spring; of melody out of silence; of life out of death. And still later, after

"The catkins drop down,  
Curly, caterpillar-like,  
Curious green and brown;"

after the orchard blossoms have drifted away on the balmy air; after the nut-trees in the wood have set their slowly-rounding fruits,

"While golden in the sun,  
Rivulets rise and run,"

the English Summer appears. The poetess catches the echo of the streams dropping music

"Between the hills,"

and, leaving London-town, she seeks the country. There she sings:

"Summer days for me,  
When every leaf is on its tree;

And Jenny Wren's a bride,  
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,  
Over the wheat-fields wide,  
And anchored lilies ride,  
And the pendulum spider  
Swings from side to side,  
And blue-black beetles transact business,  
And gnats fly in a host,  
And furry caterpillars hasten  
That no time be lost,  
And moths grow fat and thrive,  
And lady-birds arrive."

To this season belongs "Twilight Calm," one of the most charming scenic poems in the book. It is a quiet, peaceful, rural picture, drawn from a rich English landscape, at the hour of the "pleasant eventide."

"Screened in the leafy wood,  
The stock-doves sit and brood:

One by one the flowers close,  
Lily and dewy rose  
Shutting their tender petals from the moon:

The dormouse squats and eats  
Choice little dainty bits

Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime:  
Nibbling his fill, he stops from time to time  
And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come  
Of cattle driven home:

The gnats whirl in the air,  
The owl opens broad his eyes and wings to sail  
For prey; the bat wakes; and the shellless snail  
Comes forth, clammy and bare.

Hark! that's the nightingale  
Telling the self-same tale  
Her song told when this ancient earth was young:  
So echoes answered when her song was sung  
In the first wooded vale.

In separate herds the deer  
Lie; here the bucks, and here  
The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn:  
Through all the hours of night until the dawn  
They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,  
With wary, half-closed eyes,

While close at hand the glow-worm lights her lamp,  
Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done  
As much as if the sun  
Day-giving, had arisen in the east;  
For night has come."

"Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress" are the most carefully elaborated poems that Miss Rossetti has given to the public. The first concerns two lovely sisters and sun-dry goblin-men. One of these small monstrosities,

"Like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,"

others were cat-faced, rat-paced, or parrot-voiced. Up and down the glen where the beautiful girls went at every evening-tide to draw water from the brook broideder with

"Purple and rich golden flags,"

tramped the little men, crying their baleful fruits—luscious berries, plums, apples, of home soil, and of every variety; dates, pomegranates, figs, and citrons of sunny lands, all brought in woven basket, or on golden dishes, to lure incautious maidens, who, having tasted, pined away in the moonlight, and upon whose graves no grass would grow or flowers bloom. A delicately limned allegory of charity and of final redemption is traceable beneath the surface of the poem.

"The Prince's Progress" is a story of love and procrastination. It contains several remarkably picturesque scenes, while the general plan and conduct of the piece is the work of a genuine idealist. It is full of artistic touches—of weird lights and shades. The journey of the loitering prince who went to wed his bride, and reached her palace at the moment when her dead body was carried forth, is very plainly sketched. Sometimes the royal laggard's path

was along river banks and through beautiful lands; at other times the way was inexpressibly dreary. We quote a few stanzas describing one of the countries through which he traveled, which had been "wrenched and ribbed:"

"The grass grew rare,  
A blight lurked in the darkening air,  
The very moss grew hueless and spare,  
The last daisy stood all astunt;  
Behind his back the soil lay bare,  
But barer in front.

A land of chasm and rent, a land  
Of rugged blackness on either hand;  
If water trickled, its track was tanned  
With an edge of rust to the chink;  
If one stamped on stone or on sand  
It returned a clink.

A lifeless land, a loveless land,  
Without lair or nest on either hand;  
Only scorpions yerked in the sand,  
Black as black iron, or dusty pale;  
From point to point sheer rock was manned  
By scorpions in mail.

A land of neither life nor death,  
Where no man buildeth or fashioneth,  
Where none draws living or dying breath,  
No man cometh or goeth there,  
No man doeth, seeketh, saith,  
In the stagnant air."

Other passages, equally noticeable for vividness of description, occur, betokening the author's relationship in spirit as well as in blood to her distinguished brothers, the Rossetti artists.

There are twenty-five "Devotional Pieces" in the volume. Like "The Prince's Progress," they are of a high order of excellence in style and in thought. Characterized by a reverent and contrite spirit, they are also remarkable for their distinct and repeated recognition of the divinity of Christ, and the sacrificial nature of his death. There is no half-belief in the Bible, and no avoidance of its most peculiar doctrines; even those mystical expressions and terms, which are held in the greatest disfavor by over-refined skeptics, are used freely and without qualification. The atonement and its efficacy is an especial theme. Jesus is represented, not as a merely "noble" nature, a glorious type of the perfection to which a mortal may attain, but as Christ the Lord, the Son of God, the Savior of the world.

"I bore with thee long weary days and nights," is morally, it seems to us, one of the most winning poems in the language. And what can surpass the pathos of "Despised and Rejected;" or of that plea of a grieved and discouraged soul in the piece beginning,

"I love and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart.  
Thou veiled within thy glory, gone apart  
Into thy shrine which is above,  
Dost thou not love me, Lord, or care  
For this mine ill?"

Miss Rossetti's versification is varied, and occasionally novel. In style her great fault, like that of Jean Ingelow, is tautology. She does not, however, dwell upon and repeat the same thought or figure as frequently as her sister poetess; but her repetition of a *word*, often one which has perfect synonyms, several times within the compass of a few lines, is certainly in bad taste. Miss Ingelow's command of language—though apparently not equal to Miss Rossetti's, if the latter *chooses* to make use of her power—is indeed copious, but still "that is truly and really tautology where the same thing is repeated, though under never so much variety of expression."\* The presentation of an idea in diverse guises gives a false air of wealth, though actually an index of a lack of self-denial, while the repetition of a word conveys an impression of helplessness, as though the writer were unable to summon any other, similar in meaning, but different in sound. The last flaw is peculiarly annoying to those readers who readily perceive half a dozen good substitutes within easy call; but the fashion of the hour tends strongly in this direction. Many late writers, borrowing boldness from these examples set by first-class authors, *appear* to be wholly unmindful of the richness and fullness of our language, and are excessively wearisome, even on attractive topics, and those which they fully understand, merely because of the perpetual recurrence of their little round of words. They usually get on with almost imperceptible slowness; and their management of the subject in hand reminds one of Matthew Prior's squirrel, spinning round, and round, and round, in a small cage. The *animal* is an interesting object, but his gyrations, after the thousandth time, seem exceedingly same.

The defects of the subject of this paper are light when weighed in the balance with the excellences. Her comprehensive charity and her purity of sentiment; her appreciation of the beauties of nature; her lovely portraits of young maidens; the treasures drawn from the wisdom of sorrow, which are placed before us in some of her poems teaching of love and of death; the perfectness of her allegorical compositions; and the reverent spirit of her devotional pieces, combined with rare skillfulness of management and general felicity of expression, place her in the front-rank of modern poetical writers. Miss Rossetti is still young. She has achieved a name in the realm of letters; but her life's destiny is, doubtless, to rise to yet higher cycles, and to behold fairer visions.

\* South.





## THE SWALLOW.

WARM, cloudless days have brought a blithe new-comer,

Beloved by young and old,  
That twitters out a welcome unto Summer,  
Arrayed in green and gold.

With sunlight on his plume, the happy swallow  
Is darting swiftly by,  
As if, with shaft dismissed by bright Apollo,  
His speed he fain would try.

Now high above yon steeple wheels the rover  
In many a sportive ring;  
Anon, the glassy lakelet skimming over,  
He dips his dusky wing.

Old nests yet hang, though marred by Winter's  
traces,  
To rafter, beam, and wall,  
And his fond mate to ancient breeding-places  
Comes at his amorous call.

Those mud-built domes were dear to me in childhood,  
With feathers soft inlaid;  
Dearer than the nest whose builders in the wild wood  
Were birds of man afraid.

To seedy floors of barns in thought I wander,  
When swallows glad my sight,  
And play with comrades in the church-yard yonder,  
Shut out from air and light.

The "guests of Summer" in and out are flying,  
Their mansions to repair,  
While on the fragrant hay together lying,  
We bid adieu to care.

Barns that they haunt no thunderbolt can shatter,  
Full many a kind believes;  
No showers that bring a blighting mildew patter  
Upon the golden sheaves.

Taught were our fathers that a curse would follow,  
Beyond expression dread,  
The cruel farmer who destroys the swallow,  
That builded in his shed.

O, how I envied, in the school-house dreary,  
The swallow's freedom wild,  
Cutting the wind on pinion never weary,  
Cleaving the clouds up-piled!

And when the bird and his blithe mate beholding  
Abroad in airy race,  
Their evolutions filled my soul, unfolding,  
With images of grace.

And O, what rapture, after wintery chidings,  
And April's smile and tear,  
Thrilled to the core my bosom at the tidings,  
"The swallow, boy, is here!"

Announcement of an angel on some mission  
Of love without alloy,  
Could not have sooner wakened a transition  
From gloom to heart-felt joy.

For Summer to the dreaming youths a haven  
Of bliss and beauty seems,  
And in her sunshine less of earthy leaven  
Clings to our thoughts and dreams.

In honor of the bird, with vain endeavor,  
Why lengthen out my lay?  
By Shakspeare's art he is embalmed forever,  
Enshrined in song by Gray.

## ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

APOSTATE Israel silent stands  
'Neath mighty Carmel's olive shade;  
While Baal's priest with lifted hands,  
In robes of richest hue arrayed,  
With frantic prayers, false gods implore.  
They seek as token from the skies  
Convincing proof of Baal's power—  
Fire to consume their sacrifice.

Before the glorious morning sun  
Illumes Esdraelon's fertile plain;  
Now high o'er head it marks the noon,  
Then greets the spreading western main.  
Yet all day long with groans and tears,  
With garments rent and visage torn,  
The priests have prayed; no sign appears,  
Their altar stands as in the morn.

As night draws on, from vain appeal  
The deepest silence o'er them reigns,  
Each heart foresees impending ill,  
To all of Baal's haughty train.  
Elijah stands amid the throng,  
O'er human hopes and human fears  
Majestic, for that rough-clad form,  
Beloved of God, is king of seers.

His sheepskin mantle round him flung,  
His long locks bleached by Carmel's storms,  
Though homeless, he the only one  
Undaunted, mid the gathered throng.  
Beside him, where an olive's shade  
Its length'ning sunset shadows fling,  
Where oft the prophet's thirst was staid,  
Bursts forth a pure, perennial spring.

The prophet now prepares with care  
The altar, and the bullock slain,  
While multitudes await the prayer  
That brings from Heaven consuming flame.  
But first from out the living well  
Obedient to his commands,  
Three times the empty casks they fill,  
And pour them where the altar stands.

Elijah calls upon the Lord,  
Ere day's last lingering beams expire:  
The prayer of faith in heaven is heard,  
And swift descends the answering fire.  
O Ahab, over Israel king,  
Know that the Lord alone is God,  
Destruction on false prophets bring,  
Lest Israel perish 'neath his rod.

## SOCIETY.

MEN call themselves gregarious, and prove the epithet a just one. "The world is wide," yet upon hill and in valley, upon river-banks and sea-shore they congregate, called together by their common dread of the pale, frightful demon, Solitude, which haunts all solitary places. Men spend their lives in society. Our boat is launched upon life's dangerous stream amid the anxious suspense of kind attendants, and desolate indeed we call the fate of him who drifts alone out of earth's narrow waters into the great unknown ocean beyond. Men jostle each other on the highway, have violent clashing in the market-places, and their weak and sensitive points come into collision in jangles in the Church. Yes, we are born, we live, we die in a crowd.

And yet, carefully as we strive to expel the hated fiend of loneliness from our midst, how unsuccessful we have been! After all, how utterly alone we are! We walk in groups, we talk often about the flowers by the wayside, or the stones that lacerate our feet, yet we wear such heavy cloaks and such thick masks, or veils, that we do not know to whom we talk.

We sit down in companies at life's banquet-table and drink together from its cup, but go alone to taste the richer flavors underneath, or the bitter dregs that settle in the bottom.

In all deep and genuine life there is a painful consciousness of isolation. We live together in all shallow experience, but when the depths of the soul are stirred the quivering lip will tell no tale. We may seek companionship at such a time; we may lay our head upon a loving shoulder, and feel the close pressure of a loving hand; but between our souls are thick, heavy veils of flesh. We feel bound as if by iron gratings. We may seek to melt away the chill desolation from our aching hearts by coming into contact with what seems the warm sympathy of fellow-sufferers. We find the apparent glow is cold as the brilliancy of tinsel, or else, finding the pity all genuine, the soul we sought to touch seems away—so far away off—looking down upon us from beyond an impassable gulf, and we, pitied indeed, but still alone. We may grow desperate in our enchained solitude and "wreak our thoughts upon expression," but those who listen look into our faces anxiously as if to see some maniac glare, and so, feeling that we have only awakened pitiful or contemptuous wonderment, we shrink back into our cold, lonely shell of formal life. Pitiful, indeed, he who can not find within that comforting companionship he has sought in vain outside.

Society! A crowd of associates, how seldom of true companions! We sit together in the dining-hall—talk sense as we are able, and nonsense too, any thing indeed in which we have no interest. Our small talk and grand talk give little clew to the tragedy and comedy we live inside. We hide gay laughter "in our sleeves," while our faces have all due expression of solemnity. We smile in quiet mockery and no one sees the tears which, a moment since, we wiped away. To whom do we open our souls enough to reveal our fondest pride, our keenest pain, our most craving hunger, our most dearly cherished hope?

We attend sociables, listen to "pretty nothings," and give back simpering thank-you's while gallant and gallanted do not suspect the savage criticisms each gives the other. We get into an animated contest and call it earnest, while more than half the time we state our theories to give surprise or gain our point. Then we grow sick of formality, and, for a few moments, show our real characters in all its warmth and all its eccentricity. In delicious freedom we utter words which come from away below, warm from the burning heart which sent them forth. A half hour afterward we weep over our foolish daring, and we pay for those happy moments by hearing our sentences twisted and ridiculed, and ourselves called sentimental, affected, eccentric, transcendental, coquettish—either one or all of these unwelcome epithets. We promise then to talk forever after with our mouth close guarded by the cold vestals—caution and reserve.

We even wear our stiff masking robes in Church. Still worse, we wear them in class meeting. How much more do we know of each other after our weekly testimony? "We are glad we started, hope we will hold out to the end and be faithful." Very well so far, but is that much soul revelation? Do we not walk far apart even in the narrow way?

Thus lonely seems our common society, the wide vestibule of social life in which we stay much of our time. There are, indeed, sacred inner chambers where souls unveil themselves and meet in genuine communion. Although there may be in most fashionable calls and parties so much conventionality and ceremony that you catch but slight glimpses of your friends through the stiff mask of formalism "the icy chains of custom" have fastened upon them, yet with their masks off, and their cloaks too, you love to meet them, sitting together in the "purple twilight" of your little room or walking in company listening to the "still, small voices" of the eloquent stars your souls have wakened

into warm, fresh life, broken through their swathing bands and met each other in such delightful consciousness of genuine communion, as the angels may know always, poor mortals seldom.

When you have sunk down from the clear, sunny heights of life's mountains into its damp, cold, misty valleys, you have, in some hour of self-abandonment, laid your hand within the stronger hand of some friend above you, and come back to the high, open way again.

When the bustling world of outside circumstance has grown too real to you; when the spiritual world in which you live has seemed only a future, not a present fact, you have listened to the voice of some half-seen friend beside you, who had lived so close to God that the angel-nature and the angel-sight were strong within him, and your poor, weak eyes have come to see again through his, with startling vividness, the old truths you had almost forgotten.

When sorrow and sin have stained your life, you have come "all covered with tears and naughtiness," with your heart almost bursting from its surcharged feeling, to some holy, pitiful confessor, and poured out before him the too much anguish that you could not bear. The strong calm of his own pure soul has quieted your restlessness and sent you back to work with a more patient spirit and a clearer sense of sacredness in life.

When your own heart has been warm with the quick pulses of an imparted life, you have talked with those whom men call cold and impassive, and have felt their hearts grow warm with unaccustomed vitality, till flushed face and brimming eyes have told the power of one soul to pour its own full self into another soul.

O! visiting is not always formal. We have all often felt the gentle hand of sympathy rend in twain the thick veil of our own soul's temple, and have sometimes looked away within the most holy place in another's soul.

If there could only be one such hour, at least in every twenty-four, to sanctify the other! One hour of such utter, daring honesty that it would shame the rest out of all social tricks and quibbles! One hour of true, holy fellowship each day to fling its fragrant incense through the working hours, giving to them all a warm, clear air of love and sacredness!

PASSIONS, like horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

#### MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

CERTAINLY there is no safer rule of conduct. And at first blush no rule seems clearer of apprehension and easier of obedience. Like all primary laws of human life, it has an interpretation down to the level of the most inferior capacity, so that the feeblest are hourly, in some measure, comprehending and acting upon its meaning; while, at the same time, it is of such wide and varied understandings and applications, that its exact import and fulfillment is the rarest attainment. Why can not men, why do not men, mind their own business? He is indeed happy who has settled in his own judgment what his work is, and is content to do it, without intermeddling in the affairs of others, or affairs which do not properly belong to him. "Water is not ponderous in its proper place." One may be a fool in most matters; yet if he stick to his own little world, however narrow, his folly will hardly be seen, or, if seen, will be readily tolerated. But the moment he oversteps his own bounds, his folly becomes apparent and contemptible—a reproach and an annoyance to himself and others.

A lawyer who had not been remarkably successful in his profession, nor in any special direction of labor, said to an intimate friend, "I have never been able to discern my mission in life; my life seems to me a failure, and I am constantly oppressed with this painful thought." Now, it so happened that this lawyer, though not a man of brilliant parts, was yet a man of great probity, calm judgment, and in all respects of high personal worth. "Your calling," said his friend, "is very clear to me. You are raised up to illustrate *Honesty*. You have a function in the community superior to that of most around you—to show to men what is character." It was true that there was no man among his fellow-citizens who was more resorted to for the settlement of disputes, and whose judgment and motives were more quoted and trusted. He was a citizen who was content with the duties of his own sphere, and who was free from the suspicion of selfish ambition or grasping, and was consequently respected, and believed to be incapable of partiality. Had he appeared to the community to know more about every body's business than his own—to be more concerned for every body's virtues and vices, successes and reverses, than his own, it is hardly likely that such would have been their estimate of his character.

The very harmony of society depends upon the observance of this law. The fruitful source of mischief is in its disregard. Through a

corroding curiosity, through an excessive self-conceit, or a morbid sentiment of goodness, multitudes seek to pry into and to manage what is beyond their nearest and most manifest obligations. They are disturbers of the peace. But there is no power by which they can be arrested by an appeal to their self-respect, or by resort to satire, whose keen edge is often wielded to the discomfiture of intruders and pests. Such people fancy they can always rule better than their rulers; can preach a great deal more appropriately, understand far better the wants of a congregation than their pastors; know incalculably better what other men should do with their money—to what and in what proportion they should give it—than they do themselves. Indeed, such are so absorbed with other people's thoughts, that they have no thoughts left of their own. If they could be shut up in a community or Church to themselves, the result would be as with the fabled serpents which, according to Epiphanius, certain Egyptians put into a bag, and when they had opened it, they found that the greatest had eaten up the rest, and half of itself.

Still, it can not be denied that there is a sense in which this subject is beset with difficulties. It is of first importance to determine what *is* one's own business. Surely one's concerns are not confined to the routine of daily work. His thoughts and affections are not to be so exclusively occupied with self that he has no care for others, or for matters which lie outside of a merely personal welfare; otherwise patriotism, philanthropy, secular and social progress, religion itself, would be an illusion; whereas nothing is more obvious than that these sentiments are realities, binding up, in their intensest meaning and force, by far the largest and noblest duties of man. One may be a merchant, with no aspirations for office, but positive aversion to it; yet it is his business that no violence be done to the person, property, and rights of the humblest citizen. As a lover of humanity, of order, morals, and religion, he has to do with traffics which ruin the bodies and souls of men, superinduce disorder in the community, and retard the progress of religion and morality. It is an old, weak tale, which events have long since exploded, that a man shall have no opinion and utter no voice upon evils for which he is not directly responsible. Remoteness, either in place or in law, can never separate a true soul from its race; else abuses would never be corrected, evils never abated; for the first and clearest discernment of wrong is usually with those who are the farthest removed from participation in it.

Almost every thing, in asking here for the right path, the happy mean, depends upon temper and motive. There is somewhere a definite line between our own and the business of others. To the true heart this boundary will disclose itself. We need not be indifferent to others' prosperity or sufferings. There are occasions when we can not, dare not be. But let us be sure not to go beyond what a conscientious conviction requires, and that we think, feel, talk, and act only as the pure law of charity and discretion allows. The motives with which we look on the affairs of others can not be too thoroughly and habitually searched and proved. "Our diligence in our own business is sovereign; but most times poisonous abroad, and dangerous and fatal to ourselves and others."

#### THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." *Deut. xxxiii, 27.*

My feet toil o'er a thorny path,  
My life is one long strife with Death;  
My ev'ry footstep he doth mark,  
And frights me with his banner dark;  
Yet why fear I his false alarms,  
When 'neath me are God's boundless arms?

When hands grow weak and heart is sore,  
And joy a stranger to my door,  
I raise my aching, tear-dimmed eyes,  
Up to God's pure, transparent skies,  
Crying, "I am alone, alone!  
O, tender Father, hear my moan!"

His great all-seeing eye looks down,  
His ear, all-hearing, hears me groan,  
The semblance of his smile I see  
In glorious sunshine shed on me,  
I drink its beams like golden wine,  
And feel the clasp of arms Divine.

And though I sometimes faint with fear,  
Ceasing to feel that he is near;  
Though clouds of doubt hide for awhile  
The sunshine of my Savior's smile,  
I know his boundless arms of love  
Encircle me wh'er I move.

When death shall conquer in the strife,  
And swallow up my all of life,  
My soul shall burst her bonds of clay,  
And speeding to the gates of day,  
Shall fall away with joyful breath  
In the eternal arms beneath—

Shall fall without a throb of fear,  
While she the Savior's voice can hear,  
Though she should drift thro' seas unknown,  
Ere she emerge before the throne—  
Shall trust with simple, child-like faith,  
The everlasting arms beneath.



## UNCLE JOHN'S CONVERSION.

THERE were few people in our neighborhood unacquainted with John Allerton's early and wild career. We, who fondly called him uncle John, regard it as a strange tradition, while those who knew him only in later life could not realize that the quiet, pious, benevolent old man, so devoted to his invalid wife, so given up to charitable pursuits, had once shocked a community by his excesses, or, as he would probably write it, his crimes. In sad, sober truth, they were crimes; but we loved him so tenderly that we shrink from the truth.

In his later days, as a man old at forty, he was eminently handsome. In his youth he was noted as the model of manly beauty. And Nature, as if creating him in a fit of great generosity, had given the mind and disposition in keeping with the physical beauty. In his intellect he approached genius, and in his ways he was winning to fascination. Born to great wealth, he yet, so far as energy and application went, remained unspoiled, and he came from his studies with all his intellectual faculties trained for use in the busy world of competition in which he was to shine. Unfortunately, his moral and religious nature remained untouched.

In other than a slave State, John Allerton might have sown his wild oats, and then settled into a sober, steady pursuit of wealth without gaining for himself the notoriety of crime. In such natural condition of society the current of public opinion sets so strongly against excess, that none but the vile of nature openly defy the higher laws of social existence. But all that we asked of a criminal to insure forgiveness for him was, that he should be a gentleman, as the term was defined in Virginia and accepted throughout the South.

Our hero was, as we understood it, a gentleman. Admiration, therefore, was intense for his great beauty and greater talents. They grew to enthusiasm over the fact that he drank to excess, spent his nights at the gaming table, and that his pathway was strewn with broken hearts and ruined reputations. He was brave as a man could be brave while living a criminal and in the pursuit of crime. This constituted the hero in the estimation of the chivalry, and his associates were as quick to forgive as they were ready to admire.

He had continued this sort of life until the county side rang with his debauches and duels, no less than with praise for his eloquence at the bar, and great success in the line of his profession. He was the welcome guest at the fireside of the best families, and at one of these

he met a lovely and accomplished girl, the only daughter of wealthy parents, and the belle of the neighborhood. With no other motive, as it proved in the end, than to make an advantageous match, young Allerton became her suitor, and, with the approbation of her parents, brother, and friends, was accepted.

Not long after this event became known, Allerton left his betrothed and traveled to the capital of his State, to argue before the highest court an important case that had been intrusted to his care. He left his intended bride with the day selected on which she was to become his wife. With the ardor of a lover, whether he felt the passion or not, he had urged an early period, giving his betrothed but scant time for preparation.

Railroads had not then revolutionized our mode of transit, and one bright moonlit night the handsome young advocate boarded the old-fashioned stage-coach and seated himself on the back seat, as the one most comfortable for a night's ride, when on the smooth pike a few hours' sleep could be hoped for. But one passenger occupied the stage with him. He could only make out a female form in the gloom of the interior of the coach, for in the cool Autumnal night the curtains were fastened down, and the only light came through the open windows of the doors. He seated himself carelessly, with a word of apology that elicited only a murmured response, by the side of the unknown passenger. As the stage rolled through his native town the seats filled up until all were taken, and at last the agent came with his lantern to compare the way-bill with the travelers, and satisfy himself that all had been called for. As the light fell upon Allerton's companion he was startled by the most beautiful face it had ever been his fortune to look upon.

We, who have long seen and loved that angelic face, can realize how it must have struck him.

As the stage bowled along over the smooth pike, Allerton addressed a few commonplace remarks to his lovely companion. They were responded to timidly, yet pleasantly, and soon the two were in animated conversation. Our hero knew, only too well, how to win his way by the tongue, and as the moonlight stole in and shone steadily upon the pure, innocent face at his side, his hardened, selfish heart warmed up to its work. He poured out memories of the amusing, of adventure, of poetry and romance. To his astonishment and delight his young companion responded, as never woman had responded to his intellectual efforts before. Her reading had been as deep and extensive as his.

own. Her memory was more perfect, and her keen appreciation took off the tinge of pedantry, and gave all a grace and fascination as intoxicating as it was new. Then her voice, low and gentle, was matched by a laugh that rang like "silver coins dropped down a many fathomed well."

"Her smile was sunlight, and her laugh  
That sunlight set to tune."

The hours went by, indeed, on golden wings. Allerton felt an intoxication he had never experienced before. He seemed to know true womanhood for the first time. All his old loves appeared gross or frivolous by the side of this lovely creature. He entered the charmed palace of youth for the first time, and his past life seemed stale, flat, weary, and unprofitable as he looked back over it; and how dreary was the future, made up as that past had been!

Carried away at last by his passionate intoxication, he did not pour words of love into the gentle ears of the girl—for the close proximity of strangers forbid that—but he could not resist stealing his arm about her.

She made no movement whatever at first, but an expression of pain passed over her face, and then Allerton saw two tears gather in her large, sweet eyes, and roll down her beautiful face. Then she moved gently, and brought from her side a crutch, and held it, as a devout Catholic would a cross, in the moonlight before her.

Allerton withdrew his insulting arm, and sunk back shamed, shocked, and humiliated. I lack words to express the pain that shot through the young man's heart. It seemed winged by a memory of his dead mother—a memory of his poor little sister, who had wasted away in consumption to the grave. All that was pure and holy seemed shining in his nature—shining only to torment him.

In a few seconds the little girl wiped her eyes and said, "I thought you knew me, Mr. Allerton. I am the Miss Fletcher you so kindly helped to a situation in the Seminary. I forgot that you had never seen me."

After a time the young man replied, in a low, deep voice, "I did not know you, Miss Fletcher, and I humbly beg that you may forget that you ever knew me."

No more was said until the coach stopped, some hours after, to change horses, and the crippled girl was gently lifted to the ground by a dignified, gray-haired gentleman, undoubtedly a clergyman, who greeted her as his daughter in the tenderest way.

"Good-night, Mr. Allerton," she cried, with the sweetest smile on her face, and added, "this is my father."

The gentlemen saluted each other courteously, and the coach rolled on. It rolled on with John Allerton's heart weighed down by a remorse that, for the first time, overtook and tortured him. All the memories of the past changed to bitter memories, and stung him to the quick. How mean, despicable, cowardly, and wicked seemed the deeds that had gone to make up his past career! His better nature struggled to assert its own—struggled gasping, and in pain, under the load of sin his past had accumulated.

Sleepless, haggard, and wretched, he reached, at daylight, the end of his journey, and sought his room in the hotel. His first impulse was to seek in wine a new forgetfulness. The relief was brief, and the relapse yet more bitter. He turned himself to his books and papers. Never before had he been so brilliant and persuasive in argument. But the fever of excitement over, remorse came back darker than ever. It sat with him at the board. It slept by his side at night. It was his companion at all hours of day. The laugh of his boon companions sounded like the mocking cry of devils, and the praise of men beat drearily on his ear. All the time, night and day, in all places, that crutch was before him and his evil deeds behind.

This sort of life became unendurable. He was threatened with insanity. Rallying upon the reserve of his powerful nature, he determined to cast the past behind him and live a new life. He saw the enormity of his proposed marriage and determined to break it off. Under this impulse he acted, and the family of his affianced were shocked and humiliated, and his friends astonished by his letter ending the engagement. It seemed so wanton—so uncalled for in the eyes of the community, that for the first time the popular tide turned against him. The family of his betrothed was one of great wealth, high social position, and it demanded, not in vain, the sympathy of the public. In the midst of the excitement the younger brother of the poor girl, who really loving Allerton was nearly heart-broken, came to the capital exasperated by the wrong and insult to demand satisfaction.

Had our hero really accomplished the change of heart for which he was striving, he would have accepted the situation, and taken its punishment as retribution in part for his wrongs. But he possessed no such heroism. The averted looks and cold recognition of his former friends, or warm admirers, unfitted the spoiled child of fortune for a further and a higher struggle.

It is when we attempt a reform that we first realize our situation and come to punishment.

While running with the current we swim easily. It is when we turn that our friends become foes, and waves dash in our faces and the tide exhausts our strength. Allerton recognized this fact and attempted to compromise. He accepted the challenge, intending by his conduct on the ground to vindicate his courage, and at the same time justify his acts and avoid further sin.

One cold, autumnal morning, accompanied by his friend and surgeon, Allerton drove from the city into the quiet country. The sun had not yet risen, and the mist lay heavy on the meadows, or dripped like rain from the crimson foliage of the still trees and bushes. He had twice before gone to the ground on a murderous errand of this sort. But now a strange weight was on his heart; and while he smoked his cigar in silence, he felt as if Shame and Death were riding in grim quiet at his side. His surgeon and second noticed his singular expression of face and absent manner, and exchanged significant glances. They afterward remarked that Allerton's face and conduct gave them ugly forebodings they could not explain.

Arriving upon the lonely spot selected for the deadly encounter, they found the enemy already there. The two principals saluted each other courteously. Allerton looked with pain upon the almost boyish face of his opponent, that resembled strongly that of his late affianced. This was the poor boy, he thought, the unholy law of his social life demanded that he should kill or be killed by him. His resolution was taken.

The preparations were brief. The two were assigned to their places—twenty paces apart—and the loaded pistols, ready cocked, with the hair-triggers, that a breath would explode, duly set.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" demanded the second to whom fell the duty of giving word.

"Ready," was the response.

"Fire—one, two, three."

At the word two the pistol of the brother exploded, and Allerton felt the hair on his left temple cut by the bullet that whistled past. Without changing his position he deliberately lifted his pistol and fired in the air. A flush of disappointed rage passed over the face of the youth, and this rage became ungovernable when he learned that the seconds had decided that all had been done that the code of honor demanded. The poor boy felt that he was being treated like a boy, and that the man who had broken the heart of his only and dearly loved sister was going from the ground, not only untouched, but carrying off the honors. He refused to accept

this as satisfaction, and demanded a continuation of the combat. To this Allerton and his second acceded. They were again put in position, and Allerton received his freshly loaded weapon. Before his opponent had taken his pistol, his second hesitating in hopes that something yet might be done to terminate the cruel encounter without another exchange of shots, Allerton said:

"I will keep the ground so long as it is demanded of me and I am alive; but nothing will induce me to attempt the life of this young man."

"I will not accept this," cried the youth in ungovernable rage, and almost foaming at the mouth; "this shall not save you. I'll have your life, or you shall have mine," and he reached out for his pistol.

"Mr. Donaldson," said his second with a flush of shame and anger on his face, "I decline, after that extraordinary speech, to act as your friend," and he returned the pistol he held to the case and deliberately locked it.

"I do n't want you," screamed the youth; "you are a pack of hounds together. I can take care of myself—look out, then, you dog," and drawing a revolver from his pocket he advanced toward Allerton, firing as he went, and between each shot uttering an epithet insulting and bitter as he could make it.

Three shots had been fired in rapid succession, and three balls had taken effect. Had any one of them been the regulation bullet from the dueling pistol, Allerton would have fallen from the shock. As it was, he held his place unmoved until the last shot from the revolver, that was preceded by an insult reflecting on Allerton's dead mother, when he suddenly elevated his pistol and fired. The poor boy threw up his arms with an expression on his face of horror, pain, and astonishment, and pitching forward fell upon his face, trembling and gasping in death, at Allerton's feet. He had been shot through the heart.

"Gentlemen," said Allerton, as he fell fainting from loss of blood in the arms of his friend, "I could not help it. God knows I had no wish to harm him."

For many weeks our hero lay on the verge of death. His wounds were dangerous, but not mortal, and he possessed an iron constitution; but his convalescence was retarded, as said his surgeon, one of the most eminent in the State, by the great depression of spirits under which he labored.

It was after the delirium of pain had passed, when his wounds were partially healed, and the patient pronounced out of danger, that a strange phenomenon occurred to him. So long as he

sat propped up by pillows in his bed, he was quiet and at ease; but the moment he resumed a horizontal position he saw a strange apparition. At the foot of his bed behind the post-board there appeared a head. At first he saw rising from behind this post-board the loveliest head it had been his fate to encounter. He saw the wavy light hair, and then the fair brow, and then the large, liquid, luminous blue eyes, and then the nose and chin, and fair round neck. And with this head, at the side as if held up, appeared a crutch. As he gazed this fair face changed to that of the youth he had killed, and the expression was that of horror, pain, and astonishment, and the crutch changed to a pistol. And as he gazed this face turned to a grinning skeleton, and the pistol to a cross, and then both disappeared and back came the beautiful face and crutch, to change as before, and so on and on for weary hours, until the exhausted man would beg to be lifted up.

Of course there was no improvement while this continued. His physician, ignorant of the apparition, saw his patient sinking continuously, and administered tonics and stimulants in vain. These, while their effects lasted, only made more vivid the apparition that seemed to be destroying him. His friends came to his bedside and sought to enliven him by telling how the public regarded his noble conduct on the ground—how popular sympathy went with him, and the general hope expressed that he would soon be well again. To this he listened, smiling sadly. But this incense, from the outer world, did not banish the beautiful head and crutch, the murdered head and pistol, and the grinning skeleton and cross from his foot-board!

One night while the friend, who acted as his second, sat watching by his side, and none others were in the room, the patient said:

"Tom, these fellows do n't understand my disorder."

"No!"

"Not they; and the stuff they give only makes me worse. The fact is, Tom, I am troubled by a ghost."

"A ghost!"

"Well, yes, a lot of ghosts—an assortment of ghosts." And the sick man related to his friend all the strange events. When he had ended, his friend, after a pause, said:

"But you know, Jack, you imagine you see these things. They are not there, you know, of course, and you must reason yourself out of it. It's a morbid condition of the brain, arising from extreme weakness."

"Yes, yes, I know all that. I lie here and reason, like a steam-engine, by the hour. But

reason do n't chase away the ghosts. They are too stubborn for that. See here, Tom, flatten me out again—let me lie down. Now I see the same fair face coming up—now the young Donaldson—now"—

His friend passed around to the post of the bed and placed himself where Allerton pointed.

"Now," he added, "do you see your ghost?"

"Yes, Tom, the skeleton looks over your right shoulder." This was said so earnestly that the friend started, and for a little time was disconcerted. Recovering, however, he said:

"It's all stuff, Jack. If the thing were there I could see it as well as you. Of course it's imagination."

"O, of course; but nevertheless it is taking the marrow from out my bones, and life out of my heart. If it were a real thing, visible to your eyes as well as mine, it could not be more potent. Go to the next room, Tom, and get Shakspeare—now turn to Richard III. Read the tent scene where the ghost comes in."

His friend complied, and read on to the awakening of the bloody tyrant without interruption, and then paused.

"It's not there," the patient remarked sadly. "I thought there was a passage about shadows causing great fear."

"O, that; well, here it is: after Catesby says

'Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows,'

Richard replies,

'Shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, and led by shadowy Richmond.'"

"Yes, yes," said Allerton in a low tone, "it first dawned upon the wicked wretch that there was a realm beyond this busy world he bustled in, from which the awful shadows fell to terrify the bravest. They fall on me, Tom. I am being killed by inches. I try to brave it out, but my soul is weighed down by sin."

"Nonsense, old fellow, you are weakened by long sickness. The surgeon will fetch you out, and you'll live to laugh at these shadows."

Allerton shook his head sadly. "He can not minister to a mind diseased. My days are numbered. I lie here quietly enough; but if you could look in on my brain, you'd wonder that I do n't writhe and cry out in my agony."

After a pause, he repeated in a low tone to himself, "The head, the horror, and the punishment—the crutch, the pistol, and the cross—the head, the horror, and the punishment—the crutch, the pistol, and the cross—on and on—night and day, without ceasing, forever and forever."



"Jack," interrupted his friend, "don't go on that way; it is horrible. I wish I could do something for you."

The sick man, from out the hollow corners of his eyes, looked at his friend with an earnest, longing expression, and then said, "Well, Tom, you can do something; you can take that cased pistol of mine and put an end to my misery; or," he added, after a long pause, "you can go to the girls' seminary in my town and ask a lame teacher there, one Clara Fletcher, to come to me."

"I can do that last, Jack; and if she does not come it won't be my fault."

One evening, forty-eight hours after the promise given, Allerton heard the sound of the crutch, and turned eagerly to welcome the kind visitor. Taking his thin, feeble hand, she gazed in silence on his wasted face.

"This is very good of you," he said. "I could not die without seeing you again."

"You must not talk of dying," she replied cheerfully; "we have time enough for that. Tell me why you sent for me, that I may enter upon my duties?"

"I beg your pardon. I had forgotten, in the excitement of seeing you, what I did want. I am a little flighty; but will you please go to the foot of the bed and look at me? There, that is it; now, nurse, remove these pillows, I wish to lie down."

He gazed long and earnestly at the beautiful face of the young girl.

"It does not change," he murmured; and then said aloud, "Come slowly around to my side."

She did as directed, and his eyes followed her until she regained her old position, when he directed his gaze to the foot of the bed and started.

"God help me," he cried, "there are two! Lift me up, nurse."

A long silence followed. Allerton breathed quickly, with his eyes closed, while drops of perspiration gathered on his face. His visitor wiped them away with a gentle hand, and then said, in a low, earnest voice,

"You called then for help, where help only can be obtained. May I pray for you?"

Allerton shook his head.

"Would you like to sleep?" she continued.

"No, my sleep is more of a torture than my waking. Talk to me."

"I will; yes, I will talk to you. I asked your physicians, before I saw you, about your condition, and they said that you had no disease other than nervous prostration—that you were suffering from mental depression. They told

me you had reached that point where tonics aggravate rather than relieve. In other words, the mind must be treated and not the body."

"A pretty correct diagnosis," he replied.

"And the torture you suffer is from sins you have done. They will not let you have the needful rest in which to gather strength."

"Yes, I suppose so. I have done many cruel things, and now they have me at a disadvantage."

"You must pray for forgiveness—you must reach out your hand—seize the cross."

At the word "cross" Allerton started and gazed eagerly at the girl.

"You must forgive me," she said; "you know I am the daughter of a clergyman, and I wish," she continued after a pause, "I wish so much to help you if I can."

"Go on," he cried, "say what you will—what you please. I want to hear you, but it is in vain—all in vain—you speak to a doomed man. No prayer can restore peace to broken hearts; no prayer can bring to life the dead; the book is closed, the sentence signed. I can only go out to punishment."

"The broken hearts have found a peace denied to you, the dead rest in peace, and the hand of the Father that protects them is reached out to you. He loves you, he pities you, he died to save you, and now lives to redeem you from sin. Let your burdened heart go out in humble supplication for forgiveness and peace. Peace and forgiveness will be granted to you. O, my poor friend, you do not know how good is our Heavenly Father. Let me pray for you."

And kneeling by his bed, the young girl lifted up her sweet voice in earnest supplication. That voice seemed to thrill the wretched man with a power never experienced by him until then. When she ended his thin cheeks were bathed in tears, and she begged to read to him the promise, and to be his guide.

I have no wish to attempt a detail of that conversion. John Allerton himself would fail. The subtle influence, the sudden change, that peace surpassing wealth which came to him, defy all power of language. But up from the brink of the grave came that sick man. Slowly once more he gathered strength and returned to life.

Some months after the fashionable world about our capital, that had sympathized with Allerton in his sickness—for that, in its estimation, he had acted with heroic generosity and courage in his fatal duel—were startled by the announcement of the marriage of their hero to an obscure daughter of a poor clergyman, who was not only his inferior socially, but a cripple

John Allerton thought little, and cared less for the comments made by his late associates. He took his dear little wife to Europe, and after consulting with the best physicians, and a long medical treatment, was happy in seeing her return, unaided by that crutch that had been the first to rebuke him in his evil career.

I have not the space, nor, indeed, was it my design to follow further the life of my friend. It was happy, although full of sad events. He lost his only child, and soon after his gentle, loving wife; and childless, homeless, hopeless, so far as this life goes, he folded his cloak above his grievous wounds and staggered on. But the same faith that lifted him from death kept with him through life, and he was not only good, but, in its true sense, he was happy.

Fifty years after his conversion he was found, one sunny morning, by his servants and friends, lying dressed, upon his back, in his library, with his spectacles by his side, and the Book of Books opened upon his breast. His hands were meekly folded, and a sweet smile was settled on his face. He had gone in peace to his last home, where half a century of good deeds had gone before him, and where an angel wife and an angel child lingered lovingly at the gate to welcome him.

#### THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

THERE is many a dream of beauty,  
Which my heart doth fondly hold,  
And though age may dim my fancy,  
Yet these never can grow old;  
And the fairest 'mong the fairest,  
Of these sweet, enchanting dreams,  
Is the music and the sparkle  
Of the merry mountain streams.

Down from the bold Nevadas  
I have watched their joyous flow,  
To the green and daisied meadows  
In the valleys far below;  
Like a white-robed winged spirit,  
From the radiant realms above,  
With a soft, melodious murmur,  
Like the tender tones of love.

And then dashing and now splashing  
O'er the rough and rugged rocks,  
Where the eagle rears her nestlings,  
And the wild goat fearless walks;  
And the snows lie crisp and frozen  
'Neath the burping skies of June,  
And the pine-tree, grave and solemn,  
Chants its sad, funereal tune.

And now singing as they're springing  
O'er some wild and dangerous steep,  
Where in many a frightful fissure  
Storms lie moaning in their sleep;

Or some grim and gloomy fastness,  
Into many a dark ravine,  
Where the winds are sighing ever,  
And the sunshine's never seen.

Out again into the sunlight,  
Now they glad and gleeful dash,  
And I see the silvery fishes  
O'er their crystal bosoms flash;  
And I hear the wild hawk screaming,  
As it skims along the brink,  
And the drumming of the partridge,  
As it bendeth down to drink.

And now gliding and now sliding  
Through some woodland, dim and dark,  
O'er the lush, decaying mosses,  
And the ferns and grasses rank,  
Where the snake its slime is trailing,  
And the fierce, wild grizzly bear  
Steals from out its gloomy cavern,  
For the cooling waters there.

By the green and glassy laurels,  
Now they glide with gentle feet,  
On their sparkling bosoms bearing  
Many a blossom, fair and sweet;  
And the columbine rings softly,  
All her airy, fairy bells,  
And the phlox flings out her banners,  
With the scarlet pimpernels.

Through all trials and denials,  
And whatever ills betide,  
Laughing, singing, they go springing  
Down the steep old mountain's side;  
In the darkness and the sunshine,  
In the moonlight's mellow beams,  
There's the music and the sparkle  
Of the merry mountain streams.

Till at last far, far behind them,  
Leaving rocks, and frost, and snow,  
Glad they reach the sunny meadows,  
In the valleys far below,  
Where, mid grasses soft and tender,  
And the song of bird and bee,  
And the Summer's grace and splendor,  
They glide onward to the sea.

And I said, while joyful listening  
To the music of their song,  
If fulfilling well your mission,  
O, my soul, be true and strong;  
Cling not to a vain ambition,  
And to hollow, fruitless schemes,  
But to know your work and do it,  
As the tireless mountain streams.

Though the path that leads to duty  
May be rugged, rough, and long,  
And many a grief and trial  
Round about my steps may throng;  
Yet my heart, O, never falter,  
Strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Till you rest in the green pastures,  
In yon fadeless realms above.

## THE STORY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

A FEW hundred yards from the eastern extremity of the colliery village of Wylam stands a humble, detached dwelling, interesting to the historian as the birthplace of one of the most remarkable men of modern times—George Stephenson, the great pioneer railway engineer. His parents were a most respectable couple, poor, careful, hard-working. His father was of Scotch extraction, and a fireman of a pumping-engine by trade. George was the second of a family of six children, none of which were ever sent to school. His first regular employment was that of herding cows for a poor widow occupying a neighboring farm-house. This afforded him plenty of time to indulge a natural propensity for bird's-nesting, making reed-whistles, and erecting Lilliputian mills in the streams that flowed hard by. Growing older and abler to work, he was set to lead the horses when plowing, though scarce big enough to stride across the furrows. Shortly after this he went to "Black Callerton Colliery" to drive the gin there. After following this employment for a season, he was taken as an assistant to his father in firing the engine at Dewby. At the age of seventeen he was promoted over the head of his father to the rank of engine-man. From the time George Stephenson was appointed fireman, and more particularly afterward as engine-man, he applied himself so assiduously to the study of the engine and its gearing that he soon acquired a thorough practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working. "His engine," says his biographer, "became a sort of a pet with him, and he was never wearied of watching and inspecting it with admiration." And what wonder that the workman who is the daily companion of this life-like machine—so sublime in its untiring industry and quiet power, so capable of performing the most gigantic work, and yet so docile that a child's hand may guide it—what wonder that the man whose business it is to be the constant companion of such a machine as this, and to watch it with constant care, at length comes to regard it with a degree of personal interest; nay, so he be an ingenious and thoughtful man, it would be surprising if the contemplation of this ever-present exhibition of human wisdom and skill, the sight of the steady action and prodigious energy of this matchless human contrivance, did not become an education of itself.

Though now in his eighteenth year, Stephenson had not as yet learned to read. Big as he is, he earnestly resolves that he will henceforth

devote a little of his spare earnings to the acquiring of this master art, and also that of writing. Evening schools afford him the coveted opportunity. Not only does he shortly learn to read and write, but he also makes rapid progress in arithmetic—working out his sums during his intervals of labor. He never acquired, however, it may be observed, such skill either in penmanship or composition as to enable him to write either with facility or pleasure. On the 28th of November, 1802, George Stephenson was married to Frances Henderson, a very worthy though lowly young woman, who adorned his humble home, and cheered his way for about three years only, when she fell a victim of consumption, leaving behind her, however, a little son, Robert, who afterward was not only the constant and bosom companion of his illustrious father, but himself became the distinguished engineer who, in addition to numerous other wonderful works of art, built the famous tubular iron bridge across the Menai Strait—the first thing of the kind ever constructed—and also the equally famous Victoria bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

In 1812 George Stephenson was appointed engine-wright at the colliery at Killingworth—a position which afforded him more leisure and better pay than he had as yet enjoyed. He had now, indeed, at length reached the highest object of his ambition. To be allowed the use of a gallows to ride upon in his visits of inspection to the collieries within his jurisdiction, and more especially to be allowed spare time sufficient to give free scope to his active mechanical genius—this was to enjoy all his heart's desire. It was while in the employ, in this capacity, of this company that his attention was specially directed to the locomotive-engine—as yet regarded, for the most part, but as a curious and costly toy. He had, indeed, at an early period recognized its practical value, and formed an adequate conception of the might which as yet slumbered within it; he now proceeds to bend the whole energies of his mind to the development of its powers. Perceiving clearly, moreover, in common with many others, that unless some more effective method of mechanical traction could be devised than horse-power railway improvement had manifestly reached its limits, his ingenuity was stimulated and encouraged to see what could be done toward harnessing up steam, and compelling it to serve this important purpose. Trevithick, alas! in a fit of discouragement, had flung away his golden opportunity of rising to fame and fortune as the inventor of the locomotive, and the practical introducer of railway locomotion. Another man

is now about to address himself to this task, who is destined to push the enterprise to the point of complete and victorious success.

Notwithstanding the comparatively successful efforts of such previous inventors as Trevithick, Blenkinsop, and Blackett, an efficient and economical working locomotive-engine still remained to be invented. To accomplish this object George Stephenson, who had in the mean time made himself thoroughly acquainted with what had already been done, now resolutely applied himself. Profiting by what his predecessors had done, warned by their failures, and encouraged by their partial successes, he entered upon his arduous and life-long labors. "There was still wanting the man," writes his excellent biographer, "who should accomplish for the locomotive what James Watt had done for the steam-engine, and combine in a complete form the best points in the separate plans of others, and embody with them such original inventions and adaptations of his own as to entitle him to the merit of inventing the working locomotive, as James Watt is to be regarded as the inventor of the working condensing engine. This was the great work upon which George Stephenson now entered, though probably without any idea of the ultimate importance of his labors to society or to civilization.

Stephenson's first locomotive, or "traveling-engine," as he called it, was constructed at Killingworth, with money supplied by Lord Ravensworth, one of the principal owners of the colliery, in 1814. After having been about ten months in hand it was placed upon the Killingworth Railway, July 25th, and its powers were tested on the same day. On an ascending grade of 1 in 450 the engine succeeded in drawing after it eight loaded carriages of thirty tons weight, at about four miles an hour. It had a cylindrical, wrought-iron boiler eight feet in length, and thirty-four inches in diameter, with an internal flue tube twenty inches in diameter passing through it. It had two vertical cylinders of eight inches in diameter and two feet stroke, set into the boiler, and working the propelling gear with cross-heads and connecting rods. The wheels were all smooth, Stephenson having satisfied himself by experiment that the adhesion between the wheels of a loaded engine and the rails would be amply sufficient for the purpose of traction. Greatly as this engine was in advance of all previous locomotives, it was nevertheless a somewhat clumsy and cumbrous machine. The parts were huddled together. The want of springs was seriously felt—the progress of the engine being a succession of jolts, causing considerable de-

rangement to the machinery. The mode of communicating the motive power to the wheels by means of spur-gear, cog-wheels, etc., also occasioned not a little embarrassment and inconvenience. There was still evidently an abundant margin for improvement; and the consideration how his machine could be rendered still more efficient and economical, accordingly, was constantly present to George Stephenson's mind.

In the mean time he began to direct his special attention to the state of the road; perceiving that the extended use of the locomotive must necessarily depend in a great measure upon the perfection, solidity, continuity, and smoothness of the way along which the engine traveled. Even at that early period he was in the habit of regarding the road and the locomotive as one machine, speaking of the rail and wheel as man and wife. The idea of running steam-engines on common roads—the favorite project with many previous inventors—had been long since practically abandoned. The locomotive-engine alone, then, manifestly not being sufficient for the purposes of cheap and rapid transit, the expedient of the railway—the smooth rail to bear the load, as well the steam-engine to drive or haul it, became the subject of thoughtful study and earnest inquiry on the part of our budding engineer.

The railway proper, doubtless, originated in the coal districts of the North of England, where it was found useful in facilitating the transport of coals from the pits to the shipping places. At first the coal was carried to the boats in panniers, or sacks, upon horses' backs. Next carts were used, and, still later, wagons, while tram-ways of flag-stone were laid down along which these vehicles were easily hauled. Still further to facilitate the haulage of these carts and wagons, pieces of planking were laid parallel upon wooden sleepers, or buried in the ordinary track. At length, yet further to protect the parts most exposed to friction, thin plates of iron were nailed upon the upper surface of these wooden rails. In process of time these wooden rails were superseded by cast-iron ones, said to have been first laid down at Whitehaven, in 1738. After the introduction of steam locomotion, the stone blocks on which the rails were laid gave place to the more elastic wooden sleepers or "ties." Quite recently the practice of firmly "fishing" together the ends of the rails, instead of allowing them to rest on the chairs with loose ends, is prevailing upon some of our roads. In many sections, also, where the traffic is unusually heavy, iron rails have been replaced by those of steel.

Such has been the growth of the railroad,



originating in necessity, and modified according to experience, until it has become what we find it to-day. But in George Stephenson's time railways were laid in a loose and careless manner, and great irregularities were allowed to occur without much attention being paid to repairs. The consequence was great loss of power, as well as much wear and tear of the machinery by the frequent blows and jolts of the wheels against the rails. Stephenson's first object, therefore, very naturally was the material and permanent improvement of the railroad.

One of the most important inventions of George Stephenson, in connection with his improvement of the locomotive, was what is called the "steam-blast," or the discharge of the escape steam into the chimney; by means of which the intensity of combustion is maintained at its highest point, producing a correspondingly rapid evolution of steam. Indeed, without this arrangement, high rates of speed could never have been kept up; the advantages of the multitubular boiler—afterward invented—could never have been fully tested, and locomotives might still have been dragging themselves unwieldily along at little more than five or six miles an hour. It is true Trevithick discharged his waste steam into the chimney of his engine; but that he attached no value to the expedient, and had no intention of thereby producing a blast, is evident from the fact that he provided for the urging of his fires by a system of fan-ners. In the case of Mr. Blackett's engine an arrangement was devised for the express purpose of preventing the blast in the chimney, in consequence of the alleged annoyance it occasioned to horses passing along the highway. George Stephenson, it is believed, was the first to detect the value of this blast, and to adopt it with a preconceived design and purpose. He demonstrated what all subsequent experience has abundantly confirmed, that "the steam-blast in the chimney is the very life-breath of the locomotive."

The next great improvement made in the locomotive was in the invention of the *multitubular boiler*. For sixteen years Stephenson's locomotives had been quietly at work at Killingworth, though without attracting any particular attention. In the mean time he had been employed to build the Hetton Railway, about eight miles long; also the Stockton and Darlington road, about thirty miles in length, on both of which his engines were daily plying, employed mostly, it is true, in hauling coal. In 1824 the famous Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was projected. After three years of almost incredible exertion on the part of its friends—encoun-

tering, as they were obliged to, at every step, the most senseless and determined opposition,\* and at an expense of some £27,000 the bill for the road was finally carried through Parliament. George Stephenson was appointed engineer in chief; and in four years from the time ground was first broken, this great primitive railway was completed. The question now arose, very naturally, what is the tractive power to be employed? Strange as it may seem the old-fashioned and well-tried system of horse-haulage was not without its advocates. Fixed engines had more. The locomotive, as yet, stood almost in a minority of one—George Stephenson. Indeed, but for his resolute perseverance, his persistent and determined advocacy of its merits in reason and out of reason, it is extremely

\* It is at once most amusing and astonishing to consider, at the present day, the nature of the opposition made to the introduction of the locomotive thirty-five years ago. Even eminent civil engineers then declared that for a man to affirm that he could drive a railway train from fifteen to twenty miles an hour marked him as a maniac fit only for Bedlam. "What can be more palpably absurd," said the Quarterly Review, "than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off on one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as to trust themselves to such a machine going at such a rate!" Besides, it was argued, house property passed by railways would be greatly deteriorated, and in many places almost destroyed. The locomotive-engines would be intolerable nuisances, vomiting their fire and smoke into the air, poisoning the atmosphere, scaring the horses, alarming timid women, and firing surrounding objects. Sir Isaac Coffin, in Parliament, denounced the project of the Manchester and Liverpool railway as a most flagrant imposition. He would not consent to see widows' premises and their strawberry beds invaded; and "what, he would like to know, was to be done with all those who had advanced money in making and repairing turnpike roads? What with those who may still wish to travel in their own or hired carriages, after the fashion of their forefathers? What was to become of coach-makers, and harness-makers, and coach-masters and coachmen, inn-keepers, horse-breeders, and horse-dealers? Was the house aware of the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl which locomotive-engines, passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, would occasion? Neither the cattle plowing in the field, or grazing in the meadows, could behold them without dismay. Iron would be raised one hundred per cent. or more, probably exhausted altogether! It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort in all parts of the kingdom the ingenuity of man could invent." Mr. Smiles comprehensively states the case thus: "It was declared that its [the railway's] formation would prevent the cows grazing and the hens laying, while the horses passing along the high-road would be driven distracted. The poisoned air from the locomotives would kill the birds that flew over them, and the preservation of pheasants and foxes would be no longer possible. Householders adjoining the projected line were told that their houses would be burnt up by the fire thrown from the engine chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by clouds of smoke. There would no longer be any use for horses, and if railways extended the species must become extinct, and oats and hay be rendered useless and unsalable commodities. Traveling by railways would be highly dangerous and country inns would be ruined. Boilers would burst and blow passengers to atoms. In the mean time it was plain, so these alarmists argued, that the weight of the locomotive would completely prevent its moving, and railways, if made, could never be worked by steam-power."

doubtful, so deeply rooted was the popular prejudice against it, whether the locomotive would have secured the consideration of the directors of the road at all. At length it was thought best, before going to the expense of providing stationary engines, to give the locomotive a fair trial. Accordingly a prize of £50 was offered for the best locomotive-engine, which, on a given day, should be produced on the railway, and perform, in the most satisfactory manner, certain specified conditions, one of which was that it should run at least *ten miles an hour*. It was now felt that the fate of railways, in a great measure, depended upon this appeal to the mechanical genius of England. Providentially just at this juncture Mr. Henry Booth, Secretary of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, whose attention was directed to it by the prize offered for the best locomotive to work that line, proposed to George Stephenson to adopt in his contemplated new engine a modification of the so-called multi-tubular boiler—a plan of boiler comprising the introduction of numerous small tubes, instead of one large one, through which to carry the fire and smoke. By this plan it was evident, not only that a much larger heating surface could be obtained, but, as there would intervene between the fire and water only a thin sheet of copper or brass, the heating surface would be much more effective. This extension and improvement of the heating surface was devised in order that steam enough might be rapidly and continuously raised with a view to maintaining high rates of speed. Mr. Stephenson promptly adopted the proposed arrangement, and immediately sent his plans to Newcastle, where he, in connection with his son Robert, had a locomotive manufactory, with directions to have the new locomotive made forthwith. In due time the renowned "Rocket" was finished, shipped for Liverpool—arriving there in ample season for the long-expected and decisive trial. Momentous epoch! The day so long and ardently waited for by George Stephenson, when the merits of the locomotive were about to be put to a decisive and, for the present, final test, was at hand. "He had fought the battle for it until now almost single-handed. Engrossed by his daily labors and anxieties, and harassed by difficulties and discouragements which would have crushed the spirit of a less resolute man, he had held firmly to his purpose through good and through evil report." However bitter and determined the opposition, his pluck never failed him; however discouraging or cheerless the outlook, he never for a moment bated a jot of heart or hope. And now at last the "Rocket" was on the ground to

prove, to use his own words, "whether he was a man of his word or no."

Great interest, very naturally, was felt in Liverpool and throughout the country in the issue of the approaching competition. Engineers, scientific men, and mechanics arrived from all quarters to witness the novel display of mechanical ingenuity, on which such great results were depending. On the day appointed for the trial the following engines were entered for the prize: The "Novelty," by Mr. Ericsson, of "Monitor" fame; the "Sanspareil," the "Perseverance," and the "Rocket." The ground on which the engines were to be tried was a level piece of railroad about two miles in length. The day on which the competition came off was October 6th. On the morning of that day Rainhill presented a lively appearance. Many thousand spectators were present. A stand was provided for the ladies, on which were arrayed the "beauty and the fashion" of the neighborhood, while the side of the railroad was lined with carriages of all possible descriptions. First, the "Novelty" was called out—a light engine, compact in appearance, carrying water and fuel upon the same wheels as the engine, weighing only a little over three tons, and forcing the air through the fire by means of bellows. It passed the first station in good style, but in returning the pipe from the forcing pump burst and put an end to the trial. The "Sanspareil" was found to weigh four hundred pounds beyond the weight specified in the published conditions. The "Perseverance" was unable to move more than five or six miles an hour, and, on this account, was early in the day placed *hors de combat*. It now remained to be seen what the "Rocket" could do. This engine, on whose behavior so much was depending at this crisis, had a cylinder boiler six feet in length and three feet, four inches in diameter. The upper half of the boiler was used as a reservoir for steam, the lower being filled with water. Through the lower part the copper tubes extended, being open at the fire-box at one end, and to the chimney at the other. The fire-box, or furnace, was located much as in modern locomotives. The cylinders were placed on each side of the boiler in an oblique position, and the connection with the single drive-wheels was made directly from the piston. The engine, together with its load of water, weighed only four tons and a quarter. The tender was four-wheeled, and similar in shape to a wagon.

At the appointed time this engine was taken to the extremity of the stage, the fire-box was filled with coke, the fire lighted, and the steam raised. The engine then started on its journey,

dragging after it about thirteen tons weight, and running thirty-five miles in an hour and forty-eight minutes. Further to show that the engine as yet had been worked quite within its powers, George Stephenson ordered that it should be brought upon the ground, and detached from all incumbrances, when, on opening its throttle, away it dashed at the astonishing rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The triumph of the "Rocket" was complete. It had not only eclipsed the performances of all locomotive engines yet constructed, but had outstripped the expectations even of its builders themselves. The steam-blast and multitubular boiler had fairly won the day—had satisfactorily answered the objections of rooted prejudice, and established the efficiency of the locomotive for working, not only the Liverpool and Manchester Line, but, in fact, all future railways whatsoever. The "Rocket," in a word, had showed that a new power had been born into the world, full of activity and strength, and with almost boundless capabilities for work.

The story of the locomotive is pretty much told. The improvements that have been made upon it since the days of the "Rocket" have been only in details. We have seen that, like most inventions, that of the steam locomotive was very gradually made. The idea of it, born in one age, was revived in another. It was embodied first in one model, then in another—the labors of one inventor being taken up by his successors—until, at length, after many disappointments and many failures, the practicable working locomotive was achieved—"the noblest creation of human wit, and the very lion among machines."

It is, perhaps, impossible to estimate, or adequately to describe the results upon our civilization of the triumph of the locomotive. Among the more obvious and legitimate results of this improvement of our internal communications, might be named a vast increase of merchandise traffic. When the proposal to extend railroads through the country was first made, the proposition occasioned not a little alarm, particularly in those districts traversed by canals. No sooner, however, was the Liverpool and Manchester line in operation than it was found, not only that its own numerous daily trains were groaning beneath their enormous burdens, but that the various canal companies operating in that section were no less actively employed. Very much to their surprise, the proprietors of these canals discovered that, notwithstanding this immense traffic conveyed by rail, their own traffic and receipts rather increased than diminished—theirs fully sharing, in common with other inter-

ests, in the expansion of trade and commerce which had been so effectually promoted by the introduction and extension of the railway system. And what was true, on this score, in relation to this primitive line, proved true also of the scores of others, that immediately, upon the successful opening of this one, were projected in almost every direction throughout Great Britain, the Continent, and the New World. The impulse, indeed, given to commerce, manufactures, and, in fact, almost every material interest, by the introduction of the locomotive has been simply tremendous—quickenings, revolutionizing, and impelling society onward at an amazingly accelerated rate.

One of the most unexpected results of the working of the railway system has been the growth of an immense passenger traffic. When the earlier railroads were projected, passengers were not taken into account as a source of revenue. The Stockton and Darlington road was projected as a coal line only, and the Manchester and Liverpool road as a merchandise line. Indeed, at the time these roads were first talked of, it was not believed that the people would trust themselves to be drawn upon a railway by such an "explosive machine" as the locomotive. A writer of eminence declared he would as soon think of being fired off on a ricochet rocket, as travel on a railway at twice the speed of an old stage-coach. "What person," asked the editor of the *Tyne Mercury*, (November 16, 1824,) "would ever think of paying any thing for the privilege of riding in something like a coal wagon, upon a dreary wagon way, and to be dragged over the road by a roaring steam-engine!" The very notion of such a thing was utterly absurd. On this account the projectors of the earlier railroads naturally based their calculations almost entirely upon the heavy merchandise traffic. What was the surprise of the directors of these roads to find that, as soon as their respective lines were open, more passengers were presenting themselves as travelers by the train than could be conveniently accommodated, and that their annual receipts received from the conveyance of passengers far exceeded those derived from the transportation of merchandise of all kinds!

Immediately on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester road, 1,200 passengers, on an average, rode over it daily. In the year 1866 it was estimated that 313,699,268 passengers were carried by rail in Great Britain alone. The mind is bewildered by such figures, and can form no adequate conception of their magnitude. Supposing every man, woman, and child in Great Britain to make ten journeys by rail

yearly, the number would fall far short of this estimate.

The first passenger railway carriage ever constructed was built for the Stockton and Darlington Railroad, and was called "The Experiment." It was a very modest and, indeed, somewhat uncouth vehicle, and for a while was drawn by one horse. A row of rude seats or benches ran along each side of the interior, access being by means of a door at the back end, in the manner of a modern omnibus. This "Experiment," as we have seen, proved to be the forerunner of a mighty traffic, and long time did not elapse before it was displaced, not only by improved coaches, but by long trains of passenger cars drawn by "roaring steam-engines."

The first arrangements as to railway passenger traffic were of a very primitive character, being copied from the old stage-coach system. Passengers were "booked" at the railway office, and their names entered on a way-bill, while the trains were played out of the terminal stations by a lively tune performed by a trumpeter or bugleman. But the number of the passengers soon became so great that it was found necessary to remodel the whole system. The ticket system was introduced. More roomy and commodious carriages were provided, and parlors of almost palatial dimensions were soon furnished for the comfort and accommodation of passengers.

The first great railroad excursion ever known was on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, 27th of September, 1825. It was on the occasion of the opening of that road. It was a memorable day. The engine of the excursion train was driven by George Stephenson himself, preceded, strange to say, at the outset by a horseman, flag in hand, who, however, doubtless much to his surprise, was soon left far behind. The second excursion of the kind that ever occurred, took place upon the occasion of the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, September 15, 1830. A procession of eight trains on that day, accommodating in all about six hundred persons, including the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, passed over the whole road, and returned the same day, though not, we regret to say, without accident. A Mr. Huskisson, one of the directors of this road, and a most ardent friend of it from the beginning, while the engines were taking in water at Parkside, about seventeen miles from Liverpool, accidentally got in the way of one of the approaching trains, and was run over and crushed. This is probably the first railroad accident on record—the first of a long and dismal list of frightful casualties and disasters

which so often startle and appall the community. And yet it must be admitted that the degree of safety with which this vast railway passenger traffic has been conducted is not the least interesting features of the system. Of course, so long as railways are worked by men they will be liable to the imperfections belonging to all things human. Yet, taking all circumstances into account, the wonder is that traveling by railway at high speeds should be rendered comparatively so safe. The loss of life by the upsetting of stage-coaches is immensely greater, we are told, in proportion, than that occasioned by railroad accidents. It has even been computed that more people are annually killed by lightning—usually estimated as one of the rarest of all causes of death—than are killed by railways from causes beyond their control. One can not, assuredly, but profoundly admire that constant watchfulness, exemplary fidelity, and highly applied skill, to which this remarkable safety with which this immense traffic is conducted is manifestly due.

By no means the least interesting feature of the service of the locomotive is its mission as a social leveler. Sir Astley Cooper, the eminent surgeon, and who had been made a "Sir" in consideration of his having cut a wen out of the neck of George the Fourth, evinced not a little foresight when, during an interview with Robert Stephenson, he vigorously opposed the introduction of railroads on the ground, not only that they would ruthlessly cut up gentlemen's estates, but must inevitably, in a few years, destroy the noblesse. The late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, regarded the opening of the London and Birmingham road as another great step in the march of civilization. "I rejoice to see it," said he, as he stood on one of the bridges over the railway and watched the train flashing along under him, and away through the distant hedges tossing behind its long white plume of steam—"I rejoice to see it, and to think that feudality is gone forever; it is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct." It was some time before the more opulent classes in Europe, who could afford to post to town in aristocratic style, became reconciled to the railway train. It put an end to that gradation of rank in traveling which was one of the few things left by which the nobility could be distinguished from the Manchester manufacturer and bagmen. For a time, we are informed, many of the old families sent forward their servants and luggage by railroad, and condemned themselves to jog along the old highway in the accustomed family chariot dragged by country post horses. But prejudice and



pride had, at length, to yield to the inexorable logic of events. Indeed, the superior comfort of the railway shortly recommended itself to even the oldest families, and now nobles and servants, manufacturers and peasants, alike share in the comfort, the convenience, and the dispatch of railway traveling. The servant and the peasant, it is true, may not, like the noble, be able to afford a first-class ticket; but there is at least this consolation, they both go at the same pace.

Our space will admit of only a glance at many of the most important and salutary, though indirect results of the advent of the locomotive; as, for example, the vast saving of time it insures, so that the promise of George Stephenson has been literally fulfilled; to wit, that through this new agency it should become cheaper, even for poor men, to ride than to go on foot; the building up of new cities, and the quickening of the old ones into new life—vastly increasing their residential area, as also their commercial and political importance; the facilitating of the locomotion, the industry, and the subsistence of the population of our large towns and cities, so that, by virtue of this improved state of communication between city and country, not only an abundant supply of wholesome articles of food—of meat, milk, fish, and vegetables, and a regular and economical supply of fuel—but the prompt and cheap supply of quite all needful household commodities is now at the command of all. The utility of railways is, perhaps, in nothing more clearly manifest than in connection with our postal, as also our express transportation service, rendering the conveyance of both postal matter and small parcels so cheap and rapid as greatly to stimulate both the commercial and intellectual activities of the people.

Some one has well said that the railway has become one of the most effective of a nation's defenses. We think it was found to be nothing less than this, in this country, during our late war. By virtue of the means of intercommunication hereby afforded between already established communities and the new ones constantly springing up on the remote frontier, it becomes one of those indestructible physical bonds once represented by Mr. Seward as "vastly more powerful for holding civil communities together than any mere covenants, though written on parchments, or engraved on iron." Serving, on the one hand, as the channel of the nation's life-hood, and, on the other, as the pioneer of colonization—as the instrumental cause of opening up new and fertile territories of vast extent in the West, the food-ground of future nations—what instrumentality so gigantic and powerful

as this for developing all a nation's resources? Briefly, then, by indefinitely increasing the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendering them cheap and accessible to all; by constantly opening up new fields of industry, supplying new occasions and opportunities for enterprise, and originating new and unparalleled activities of trade, and thus promoting all the great ends of true civilization, we must regard the railway as the grandest and most beneficent organization of capital and labor the world has ever yet seen, and the locomotive the most wonderful and beneficent application of steam power which the genius of man has ever yet discovered.

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#### DR. LANGE.

DR. LANGE is doubtless as favorably known in America as any German theologian of the present day. His Commentaries, translated and published under the able editorship of Dr. Schaff, have already become deservedly popular, and are destined, in the judgment of some, to take precedence of all others. They will doubtless not settle the vexed question of a complete and satisfactory Commentary on the whole Bible, but may be a step toward it.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss Dr. Lange as a theologian, but rather to give a brief sketch of him as a preacher, a poet, and a man.

John Peter Lange was born April 10, 1802, in the parish of Sonnborn, near Elberfeld, Prussia. His father was a small land owner, and drayman, and his son early engaged in the same pursuits. Being quick at figures, he soon became book-keeper to his father, and did the reckoning in the wagon by his side, with youthful pride and satisfaction. Thus early in life he began to be useful, and the same habits of industry have manifested themselves in his numerous literary labors, and are still apparent, in his sixty-sixth year, as he toils long hours on this last and greatest work of his life. He is at present engaged on the Apocalypse.

While laboring with his father he early developed a passion for reading and study, which was for some time gratified privately. His life seems not to have been entirely destitute of romance. According to report his first impulse to study sprang from meeting a beautiful young girl, who afterward became his wife. By the advice of his Latin tutor he entered, at Easter, 1821, the Gymnasium at Düsseldorf, and in the Autumn of 1822 the University of Bonn, when he fully entered on the study of theology. Here he was brought into contact with Lücke and

Nitzsch, but was chiefly under the tuition of the latter. The beautiful personal character, and earnest piety of the celebrated Nitzsch, doubtless did much to develop in Dr. Lange the same charming characteristics, and had a decided influence in determining his theological tendencies.

After leaving the university he located, in 1825, as associate pastor to Rev. Mr. Krummacher, brother of the celebrated Dr. Krummacher, in the town Langenberg, near Elberfeld. In 1826 he was called to the pastoral charge of Wald, and in 1832 he settled as pastor at Duisberg. In 1841 he was called to the professorship of theology in the University of Zürich, in place of the infidel Strauss. Here he labored till 1856, when he was called to the University of Bonn, where he now fills the chair of systematic theology.

Aside from his Commentaries, Dr. Lange is a very voluminous writer. In the preface to the American edition of the Commentary on Matthew will be found a list of his literary productions, embracing twenty-seven different works, many of which are very extensive. Among them are a "History of the Apostolic Church," in two volumes; a large work on "Christian Dogmatics," in three volumes; and a "Life of Jesus," in four volumes, which is considered a very thorough and able work.

Dr. Lange is also a poet. He has published at various times several small volumes of religious poems, which are intensely spiritual and highly imaginative. Here that exuberant fancy, which in scientific works must be held in subjection, is allowed to bear full sway, and the result is a choice collection of tropical fruit, which only a warm, glowing, pious soul could produce, and which only such a soul can fully appreciate. Those who delight to soar reverently toward those glories which it hath not entered into the heart of man fully to conceive, will here find one who has flown thither before them and can point the way. Dr. Lange has been criticised as a mystic. But a spice of mysticism is the very life of fervent piety, and when held in subordination becomes a mighty power to move the masses. Those who have most successfully reached the hearts of the people have yielded more or less to the influence of a subdued mysticism, and it is hardly safe to assert that it is never found in connection with the higher orders of intellect.

These poems are almost exclusively religious. Whenever he turns from the severer duties of life to tune his lyre, it is in praise of the Great Father. No meaner theme can woo his reluctant muse. One volume contains a few lyrics to the noblest scenes in Switzerland and along the

Rhine—all else is spiritual. The first volume of poems appeared in 1832, and is dedicated to his reverend teachers, Lücke and Nitzsch. It is entitled, "Bible Poems," and consists almost entirely of Scripture sketches. A more meritorious volume, however, is a collection merely entitled, "Poems," containing original hymns and lyrics. Some of these hymns have found their way into the Church collections, and are well deserving a place there. This volume embraces a wide range of pious thought. The subjective field of religion is thoroughly gone over, and a large variety of spiritual experiences here find their expression. Another collection, still later, is entitled, "From Olivet," and contains, in its numerous short poems, a complete history of the inner life of Christ, and the life which his followers live in him. In harmony with this idea it contains translations of the celebrated *Dies Irae*, and many of the Messianic Psalms.

Dr. Lange's German is often very difficult to translate. The general sense can be obtained, but there are various delicate modifications of meaning, expressed by almost untranslatable words, which are inevitably lost. The phraseology is often somewhat affected, which detracts from the strength and beauty. Single words are often put to protracted uses, and contrasted phrases abound. The following is an indifferent translation, into the corresponding measure, of one of his poems, entitled,

#### THE PRESENT MOMENT.

The present moment, how sublimely great!  
The world yet stands, the heavens yet smile above;  
And, from the boundless fullness of God's love,  
Is measured out to each a good estate.

The present moment, how sublimely new!  
It never was, and never will be more;  
It brings fresh sunshine from the other shore,  
And gives another proof that God is true.

The present moment, how sublimely good!  
God still is conquering evil, and his grace  
Is poured out still on all our mortal race;  
His kingdom comes—comes like an ocean flood.

The present moment, how sublimely fair!  
The hidden things of prophecy appear;  
Heaven's radiant glories draw divinely near,  
As prayers on earth are turned to praises there.

The present moment, how sublimely grand!  
It urges forward at a rapid pace  
Those mighty projects for our fallen race,  
Which God from all eternity has planned.

The present moment, too, how full of prayer!  
Ten thousand longing hearts their wants make known,  
Ten thousand people worship toward God's throne,  
And with their voices swell the heavenly choir.

The present moment is a flash from heaven,  
A ringing cry from out eternity,  
An arrow winged by love to you and me,  
A special mercy to each mortal given.

O may I give this moment, Lord, to thee !  
 If I but rightly feel its saving grace,  
 For time and sense my spirit finds no place—  
 The present moment is eternity.

Another, in four-lined verse, without rhyme, exhibits, by a rapid contrast, the capabilities of the human heart. Many such short poems are found, wherein some one thought is reiterated in successive stanzas until it grows into the desired prominence.

#### THE HEART.

Youthful and blooming is life !  
 Sunshine in glory above—  
 Plenty with blessings around—  
 Ah, but the heart it is poor !

Desolate, hopeless is life !  
 Heaven and earth flee away,  
 Leaving but darkness and gloom ;  
 O, but the heart it is rich !

Wonderful, wonderful heart !  
 Helpless and mighty this heart !  
 Pole-star that never will set !  
 Taper blown out by the wind !

Never so light is the lark,  
 Soaring up into the sky !  
 Never so heavy the worm,  
 Burrowing deep in the ground !

Tremble, thou poor, fallen heart—  
 Hell thee embraces around ;  
 Praise God, thou rich, ransomed heart—  
 Heaven may embrace thee around !

Dr. Lange has published several volumes of sermons, which exhibit something of his deep spirituality. His manner in the pulpit is unimpassioned. There is little attempt at oratory. At times, with an intense earnestness, he looks into the very souls of his audience, speaking words, from his own deep religious experience, which, from their very strangeness, fix a breathless attention. Again, with eyes turned heavenward, he seems to lose himself in his speculations, and forget that he is talking to men. There is always apparent that unmistakable sincerity which carries conviction to the heart. Genuine goodness of soul has stamped itself on every feature, and while listening to him, the abiding impression is, that the speaker is a man who loves every body, and whom every body must inevitably love. The matter, however, rather than the manner of his sermons is what will commend itself to his hearers. His preaching is often, perhaps too often, subjective in its character. Each sermon is a rich feast for those who have been long in the way, and are acquainted with its varied experiences. It is the strong meat of the Word, and will be relished by those who have already attained the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus. On the other hand, the younger and more inexperienced Christians will hardly follow him with ease.

The following synopsis of a sermon will ex-

hibit the spirit of the man. It was delivered at Zürich in connection with the representation of Haydn's Oratorio, *Die sieben letzten Worte*. The text is the subject of the Oratorio, and covers all that Christ is recorded to have said while hanging on the cross.

#### SYNOPSIS.

"The seven last sayings of our Savior on the cross are the subject of our festival. With wonderful unity and variety they cover the entire field of human redemption. The atonement takes on a sevenfold aspect, and likewise looks toward a sevenfold guiltiness in our race. Like the beautiful, never-setting seven stars in heaven, these last words shine forth from the sacred page with steady splendor, assuring us that the Redeemer has covered all our sins, and introducing us to a sevenfold revelation of his love.

I. "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do." (Luke xxiii, 34.) Let us mark well this first saying. Christ began with this prayer; we shall do well if we end with it. When we pray for our enemies we at least imply that their sin is great. Christ almost excuses their guilt by the phrase, *for they know not what they do*. As he prayed for our brothers, so he prays for us. In the midst of the sins and sorrows of life we fight against him. As Christians, if we at all cut loose from him, we make very uncertain steps in the path of love and obedience. But he gives himself as surety for our righteousness. He prays, *Father, forgive them*.

II. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke xxiii, 43.) Thus spake Christ to one of the thieves who were crucified with him. The first word represents prayer, this represents the answer to prayer. We are sinners—Christ will forgive. May we learn while here to find a paradise in his love !

III. "Woman, behold thy son ! and thou behold thy mother ! (John xix, 26.) The first three words of Christ are dedicated to humanity. The first to the sinful world; the second to penitent sinners; the third to believing souls. The first points to a paradise having an existence only in the grace of God; the second shows us a paradise hidden in this world, but hopeful for in the next; the third shows us a paradise of love on Golgotha itself. The first asks for grace; the second gives peace; the third opens up to view the glories of love. It gives us a glimpse of holy friendship. Mary had other sons—kind sons; John had a mother—a noble mother. Yet to the disciple who lay on Jesus' breast there remained a delicate duty which no other could perform. To him is given

the friendship of his beloved mother, as to her is given the friendship of the beloved disciple. We sometimes overlook the beautiful delicacy of the Gospel. Let us take these sacred words to our hearts, together with the love of Him who uttered them. With his love we shall gain all the joys of the most sacred friendship.

IV. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matthew xxvii, 46.) Christ was once so rich, how is it that he is become so poor? Even because he has given away his riches. First, his right to punish sinners—Father, forgive them; then his paradise to the penitent thief; and now he gives his mother to his friend, his friend to his mother. He is become poor that we may be rich. In Gethsemane, deserted by all the world, and even by his chosen disciples, he threw himself into the arms of his Father; here on the cross the Father himself deserts him. And lastly he gives himself. Every thing gone, he is poor indeed! Yet he held fast to God. He did not desert us to hold on to God, and he did not leave God to hold fast to us. He was able to do both—to be deserted by God, and yet cling to him, as the perfection of human righteousness. Let us learn the lesson.

V. "I thirst." (John xix, 28.) The victory is won. In the tumult of the battle the soldier does not feel his wound. But when the battle is over he sees the blood flowing and feels the pain. So Christ had won back the world, and won back the Father. In the moment of victory he thirsts. He is not ashamed of the weakness. He is not ashamed to take from a Roman soldier the sour wine which they drank. His thirst is an act of redemption. He despises not the comforts of the world. He reproves our asceticism. Let us learn from him. At first we enjoy the good things of the world without God. When we have found God we sometimes cast away earthly comforts with a kind of false self-righteousness. Holy Jesus, thou hast atoned for both our righteousness and our sins. Teach us to drink at the right time. And may we give to thee, in thy thirsty disciples, a milder drink than the soldiers gave thee on Golgotha!

VI. "It is finished." (John xix, 30.) His work was the salvation of the world. Three years were given him, and he finished it. We delay our work from day to day, and when at last we begin how badly do we accomplish it! We mix our own work with the work of Christ. The older we grow the greater ours seems to become. Let us rejoice that Christ has finished his work, and in so doing has likewise accomplished ours. May we persevere until his cry

of victory—it is finished—can be sounded by us!

VII. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke xxiii, 46.) Christ, in his death, has atoned for our death. He makes his death the grandest deed of his life—a going to the Father—a messenger of life. He dies as a child before its father. But he does not die as a Redeemer alone—he dies as our head. And when we have the faith of a grain of mustard-seed we can say that we are already dead with him. Our last hour is already atoned for—it is already past."

As a Christian gentleman Dr. Lange shines perhaps preëminently. However much we may admire the scholar, it is the man we love. Kind, affable, loving, and sweet-spirited, he moves among the people like a beloved father among his children. He has a smile and pleasant word for every one, and every one's face brightens at his approach. Children stop their play to receive his kindly greeting, and follow him with looks of reverence and love. He possesses these qualities of soul which unconsciously win the love and confidence of all classes. The theologian is entirely forgotten while he mingles with the people, and blesses them with his pious personal intercourse. How few great scholars can lay aside the habits of the student when they come in contact with the people! By the repulsive habits which scholarship is often too prone to take on, they are shut out from all influence in the world, except through the medium of the pen. Quite often their personal presence counteracts the good of their writings. Dr. Lange, on the contrary, must speak, to those who know him, more powerfully by his life than his pen. He is the Christian gentleman. Every habit of life is Christianized. Every faculty is sanctified, and sanctified not for the cell, but for the world.

As a university professor he is beloved by the students. The deep interest which he takes in young men preparing for the ministry is constantly apparent. His students have not only the advantages of intercourse in the lecture-room, but are often invited to the pleasures of a more intimate friendship in his parlor. In the lecture-room he is characteristic. The dry details of scientific theology are freshened by illustrations of their application to real life. Deep spirituality manifests itself here as in his writings. The advantages of this to students are very great, while the danger is comparatively small.

It is better to make one's self acceptable, than to make one's self important.



## SMALL SACRIFICES.

AMELIA WARDEN came into her mother's small sitting-room on Thursday afternoon, carrying Pestalozzi's system of teaching, and wearing a very discontented expression of countenance. She doffed her felt hat and waterproof cloak, remarking, as she hung them on the accustomed nail, that "every body recognized school teachers by their everlasting old uniform." Then she took a toilet brush from the old-fashioned bureau, and stood on tiptoe to brush the shining braids of her dark hair. Amelia was of short stature, and unfortunately the mirror hung very high. On other occasions she would have stepped upon a stool without comment, but now she said,

"This little old glass is an abomination in my sight, and the room is as dark as hades with only those two little square windows to light it."

Her mother had so far kept silence, being somewhat accustomed to Amelia's varying moods, but at this juncture she quietly observed,

"You forget, daughter, that the brightness of midday is passed. Evening shadows are falling on this side of the house now."

"T is small difference whether we have night or day in this lonesome shanty," retorted the unamiably disposed young lady. "For my part I would about as soon live in a hermit's cell. No one ever comes here; and if they did I should be too much ashamed of our meanly furnished rooms to entertain them."

Amelia had by this time completed the slight alterations in her toilet, and, taking up the morning paper, sat down to read by the cheerful coke fire.

Mrs. Warden sewed on for a few moments in silence, then, as she thought her daughter's uncomfortable feelings might have had time to wear away, she said, "Your old friend Nettie Allen was here to-day."

"Ah!" said Amelia without looking up from her paper.

"She is to have company to-morrow evening, and I accepted her invitation for you to make one of the number."

At this Amelia looked up, but her sudden animation was not the effect of pleasure; and the frown, still perceptible on her pretty face, deepened as she petulantly exclaimed, "I do n't see what you did that for. I do wish, mother, you would let me make my own engagements."

"I hoped it would give you pleasure, as I am sure it will do Nettie," replied Mrs. Warden in a troubled tone. "Nettie's household cares have accumulated too rapidly to allow the devotion of much time to her friends. She has evidently

been several weeks contriving means by which to entertain a few of her old associates, and it seems a pity for you to refuse going."

"I do n't see what difference my presence or absence will make."

"I thought you liked Nettie. At Colonel Lester's recent auction sale a fine piano was offered very cheap, and Nettie's husband managed to buy it for her. You know she has n't had one since her marriage. Perhaps she especially desired your company because you play well."

"That's just it. Nobody ever wants to see me unless I can be of service to them. I suppose she will have a score of stupid people there who must be entertained, and, in looking around for some one to make a convenience of, her mind rested on me."

"If you possess any talent, or even an accomplishment, daughter, should you not feel willing to be, in part, valued for it?"

Amelia either did not hear her mother's query, or pretended not to, but only rattled her newspaper with increased irritability. At length Mrs. Warden said, anxiously and interrogatively, "You will go, Amelia?"

"I suppose so, since you seem to have left me no choice in the matter."

The shadows had by this time fallen quite across the room, and Mrs. Warden had folded up her sewing in order to prepare the evening meal, while Amelia drew out a little writing table and commenced dotting down questions for the next day's lessons. As both are engaged with their respective work, I will now give a brief sketch of their present history, lest you think my heroine an unlovely specimen of girlhood.

They are poor, as you have already surmised, yet by no means among the poorest of the great city, for Amelia has health, education, and a situation, with the average salary of inexperienced teachers, in one of the young ladies' seminaries of which every metropolis contains one or more. She is not always so ill-natured as on the afternoon when I introduce her, but being in circumstances which ill accord with her luxurious tastes, and in friendly intercourse at school with girls whose rich homes are forever closed against the humble teacher, she has much to contend with. In the main, she is a good-hearted young woman, cheerfully helping her little brothers with their lessons at night, practicing the closest economy in her personal expenses so that she may the better help to meet their household outlays, and in sundry ways relieving her mother of many domestic cares; but often, as she has sat behind her

desk at school and watched the long lines of young girls file in from the various class-rooms, beautiful in their rich dresses and exquisite ornaments, a feeling of envy would take possession of her, keeping with her all day, not even leaving her at the door of her mother's little cottage. On the day which I have mentioned, the young ladies had been holding an animated discussion during the morning recess about their respective toilets to be worn at a brilliant party the next evening. Gay Lucy Ashton had turned to Amelia and said, "My dress would become your style charmingly, Miss Warden—white silk, with magenta trimmings, and O, the loveliest long trail!"

Amelia smiled, but the bell rang just then, and she was glad of the excuse to turn away, for tears were gathering thickly in her eyes. I fear that her thoughts often wandered, during the rest of the day, from the recitation before her to the brilliant assembly; and certain it is that all the way home she saw in imagination the white silk dress with its elegant trimmings and long trail. It draped her figure as she stood before the old looking-glass, and hung in graceful folds on the faded carpet. She almost felt as if her own mother were adding insult to injury when she asked her to spend that same evening in her plain merino dress, at the plain house of Nettie Allen.

To be sure Nettie, although four years her senior, had been her fast friend in girlhood. They had sung duets together, had practiced the same music on the piano, and had built many an air castle which, alas! was rapidly falling to the ground. Nettie had been several years married to a book-keeper on a moderate salary, which did not as regularly increase as their family, so that her music had been almost abandoned for the needle. Mr. Allen had been gradually saving money to purchase his wife a piano, in place of the old one left at home, but it had taken him four years. No wonder she wanted to commemorate his tardy success, and spend a pleasant evening by a social gathering of a few friends. She consulted her husband about the means which they should adopt to spare the necessary money, and the result was that the next two weeks witnessed more than usual economy in their household expenses, so willing were they to make present self-denials in view of the coming evening. Nettie said to her husband, in going over the list of those whom she wished to invite, "Amelia Warden plays beautifully. Many a time we've practiced by the hour together on some of those duets in one of her old music-books. 'T is a long time since I've heard her; but she has taken

lessons all along, and I presume will play even better now."

Nettie was passionately fond of music, and her eyes rested very soberly on the new instrument as she thought how little time she had, or could have, to devote to it. Then she said, softly, "Dear Amelia, it will be a feast of pleasure to hear her play again. It is seldom she comes here now."

The next evening Amelia, having been urged to "come early," was tying on her bonnet, when her mother said, "I am glad you are going, dear, for Nettie would be so disappointed if you were not there. Besides, they want to hear you play."

The young lady, who was fast becoming cynical, said nothing to her mother, but to herself she said, "They will be disappointed any way. I'm going because I'm obliged to, and not to play for people whom I don't care a farthing for. Nettie is n't at all interesting since she married. She never talks of any thing but her children, though I'm sure she has topics of conversation enough in them, and it is doubtful whether she would know the difference between one of Mozart's sonatas and an Irish jig by this time. Now there is some one worth playing for where Lucy Ashton is going to-night, in her carriage and white silk dress. I wish I could go there. I despise being poor, and a teacher, and having nothing to wear."

It is not to be supposed that, after this soliloquy, Amelia would be in a very happy frame of mind on arriving at her friend's house, or that the cynical look had worn from her features. The truth is, she felt out of patience with Providence, with herself, and with every one else; and, saddest of all, did not even try to conceal her dissatisfaction. About half a dozen ladies and half as many gentlemen were already chatting socially in Mr. Allen's comfortable parlor, and soon the room was well filled. Amelia talked quite prettily to Nettie's curly-headed little Willie, but her nose had a strong tendency upward when any of the guests, among whom were only two or three of her own age, essayed to entertain, or be entertained by her. After awhile Nettie, who must get the baby to sleep, and add the finishing touches to the supper table before she could join the company, came in, the look of care, which was fast becoming habitual to her, quite displaced by one of pleasure.

"I was so much afraid you would not come," she said in a low voice to Amelia as she greeted her, "for I could only get time to call at your house when you were away. It would have spoiled the entire evening for me if you had failed."

For a moment a pleasant look dawned in Amelia's face, and a pleasant thought in her heart, but before she had time to act upon any good intentions of making herself agreeable, an unlucky vision of the more brilliant party put them all to flight. At length the inevitable request for music went round the little circle, and it was rumored that Miss Warden was a fine performer. The hostess, evidently delighted by this compliment given on trust to her youthful friend, eagerly requested her to favor them.

"I can not play without notes," said Amelia decidedly, yet blushing slightly; and, in fact, she could not, for every piece of music was laid aside as soon as learned for something newer; still, had she wished to play, she might have easily practiced in the day what could be recalled at evening, or, lacking time, might have supplied herself with notes from her own well-filled portfolio. Nettie looked disappointed, but she quickly said, "Never mind the late style of music, dear, but play some of the old, old pieces we both used to love when we were school-girls practicing together."

"I am tired of the old tunes."

Amelia replied with a look which fully corroborated her words, and conveyed to the mind of every one in the room the impression that she was the most unobliging young girl in the whole city. This unsatisfactory recollection of the old tunes, and, the young hostess thought, of the old times, marred the enjoyment she had anticipated; and when the most urgent solicitation could not induce Amelia to touch the keys which had stood, the last month, quietly awaiting this evening and her skill, the pleasure was totally destroyed. Supper, which soon followed, was stiff and unsocial, for a failure in one respect is often a prelude to others, and thus the evening for which Nettie had worked so cheerfully, and anticipated so much happiness, brought only annoyance and disappointment. And this was all due to the morose disposition which one young girl carried with her.

On no one, save wearied Nettie, did the cloud rest more heavily than on Amelia herself, and it was, therefore, with more haste than politeness that she said her adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Allen, intending to go out quietly through the sitting-room door, and home, without disturbing the company; but Nettie's young brother, with cavalier-like gallantry, stepped forward and begged the privilege of escorting his "sister's friend." "Friend!" the word sounded like a mockery to her. Out on the street the lamps shone around her, and the stars above, each seeming an accusing eye looking in upon her selfish heart. The distance being only two squares, there was

not much time for conversation; indeed, the attempt on her part was almost futile, for her thoughts would wander back over the last few hours. At the gate she said "good-night" to her companion, and entered the house. It was still as the night itself, but her careful mother had left a lamp burning, which she took up and hastened to her little room.

A night's sleep somewhat dimmed the unfavorable impression she had of her own attributes, and when her mother greeted her pleasantly next morning, and hoped she had enjoyed the evening, she answered, "I do n't know why you should expect it. There was no one whom I wanted to see there."

"Did you make an effort, my child, either to receive or give entertainment?"

"I would like to know, mother, if I am under obligation to incommode myself for every one under the plea of entertainment?"

"Every member of the human family, my daughter, owes somewhat to his fellows. Wrong and imposition would be vastly increased if we all adhered to the selfish maxim of never incommoding ourselves for others. I think I understand your feelings, my dear. Our humble style of living is a continual cross to you, and, therefore, you spend many an hour, unprofitably because uselessly, in longing for the splendor which wealth gives. Is it not so?"

"Well, perhaps," answered Amelia reluctantly, and she added, "I've often thought I should have liked to be King Solomon's wife, the foundation of whose very house was set with precious stones."

"Would it do you any good now?" asked Mrs. Warden smiling; and soberly she continued, "If your lines have not been cast in as pleasant places as you could wish, Amelia, do not waste your years in lamenting it, but try what virtue there is in seeking to promote the happiness of others. By this I do not mean that you should lay aside any reasonable ambition; but if there is ever a call to 'come up higher' in the social scale, it will come to you all the same by keeping self not altogether in the background of life's picture, but in a less prominent position of the foreground. Gentle Nettie Allen has little time for recreation, and yet by your own confession you made no effort to enhance the pleasure of last evening."

Amelia knew her presence had marred the enlivening influence which a party of one's friends ought to have, and that no one in that little family could think of her good works and say, "She hath done what she could." Yet she had a kind heart when once awakened, and her thoughts at school, that day, reverted again

and again to Nettie. Long before the welcome, last bell rang she had formed a little plan for making what reparation was in her power. She would invite a few of their mutual acquaintances to her own house, and then zealously exert herself to make the hours speed happily for Nettie. So intent was she upon her own little arrangements that Lucy Ashton's white silk dress passed quite out of her mind.

When, after several days, all had been decided and arranged, she went with a light step and smiling face to ask Nettie and her family. The house was empty, but a grocer, across the street, seeing her stand sorrowfully on the steps, called, "Are you looking for Mr. Allen's folks? Well, he has just got a situation in an eastern city, and they've all moved away!"

Amelia turned away with a sorrowful heart, having learned thus suddenly that her repentance came too late, and that for the want of a small sacrifice she had lost a friend forever.

#### MAY FLOWERS.

O MAY flowers, blooming on the hills!  
O violets on the plain!

Your beauty all my spirit thrills,  
And makes me young again.

I dance once more, a barefoot child,  
Upon the soft, rich grass,  
And gather up with rapture wild,  
The flower stars as I pass.

The dogwood flings his milk-white arms  
Around the zone of Spring;  
The red-bud's bees, in crimson swarms,  
To leafless branches cling.

The little minnows in the streams  
Flash silver in the sun,  
And insects, from their Winter dreams,  
Float upward one by one.

The blue-bird's sweet song swelling out  
Proclaims the dark days fled;  
The pee-wee trills his tiny shout,  
And builds beneath the shed.

It seems that all this teeming earth  
Is waking from her sleep,  
Giving to thought a rich, new birth,  
Divinely high and deep.

The tender violets speak to me  
A language soft and sweet,  
Like eyes dipped in the heaven's deep sea,  
When Love's dear eyes they meet.

I hear sweet music in the brook  
Like laughter's rippling song,  
And many a loved one's fairest look  
To those bright waves belong.

I smell the fragrant apple-blooms—  
I watch the shadows play

Where, 'neath the mournful cedar glooms,  
The flickering sunbeams stray.

The locust clusters hang once more  
Above my dreaming eyes,  
And little birds chant o'er and o'er  
The songs of Paradise;

While far adown the glowing West  
The gorgeous clouds are rolled,  
Each with a radiant sapphire crest—  
A shield of burnished gold!

And all the simple dreams come back  
That once enrapt my heart,  
Ere on life's toilsome, iron track,  
I learned the worldling's art.

The art to hide our purest thought—  
The blossoms of the mind,  
Which bubble up, divinely fraught  
With flowers of rarest kind;

To put the feelings out of sight  
Which God and Nature gave,  
To hide the deep soul's richest light  
In Custom's ancient grave;

To bind the heart, and soul, and mind,  
In Fashion's golden bands,  
So that, at last, we can not find  
Our childhood's tender hands—

The hands that feel for others' woes,  
Whose touch makes all things pure;  
Warmed by the heart's rich blood, that glows  
With love's bright Koh-i-noor.

O Nature! must the flight of years  
Our hearts from thee divide,  
Mingling with this long draught of tears  
Naught but poor human pride?

O, Father! let one flood of joy  
Flow from thy hand divine,  
That Nature's beauties may not cloy,  
But prove a fragrant shrine.

Where we may offer up to thee  
Our prayer and praise, as one;  
Forever floating, full and free,  
From footstool unto throne!

#### MOUNT CALVARY.

MOUNT where the Savior bled and died for me,  
What sweet, what hallowed memories arise,  
Where'er by faith I fix my longing eyes,  
O sacred, bleeding Calvary, on thee!  
Divine compassion, wondrous love, appears  
Too vast, too boundless, for poor human thought;  
When God to man such free salvation brought,  
Through the Redeemer's groans, and blood, and tears.  
Memory shall turn to thee, and there shall rest;  
And as a dove upon thee fold its wings,  
To rest forgetful of all earthly things,  
And in thy solemn solitude be blest.  
Thou art the mount of hope; O, may I see  
Its full fruition in eternity!



## THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

## AN AFTERNOON IN THE GLEN.

"CAN'T you get off this afternoon, Rob," asked Theodore of his friend, the miller boy. "I am going over to the glen in search for specimens for our cabinet. Mother says we must improve these fine days, for they will soon be over."

"The water is too low to grind," said Robert despondently, "but then I must pick up apples, and that will take me till dark, I suppose."

"O, no, not if I help you. I will run over and ask brother Arthur for his wheel-barrow, and we can gather every apple in that little garden in two hours' time."

So the poor boy and his more favored neighbor worked on side by side, with busy hands and cheerful spirits.

"It is only one limb after another," said Theodore philosophically, "and one yard of ground after another. If we go over each one thoroughly we shall not have to do our work twice over, as my mother says. Then, too, he won't find fault with us, you know," and he nodded toward the old smoky cottage.

The poor bound boy sighed as he thought how little chance there was of pleasing "old Casper," do what they would.

But, for a wonder, there was no complaint made this time, and permission was given the lad "to fool away his time" the rest of the afternoon if he wished to.

The truth was, that old Casper felt anxious to keep the right side of "the folks on the hill." There was a steam flour-mill going up near by which might prove a serious rival. To please the boys was to please their mother, he reasoned; so, as there was really nothing for his drudge to do, he was willing for once to let him off. It went against the grain though to see him look so happy. I believe he would have shot birds just for their singing.

Away the two boys bounded, taking the shortest road to the famous glen. It was a beautiful tangled dell, with rocky walls on either side, and wild enough for a genuine robbers' glen. It was currently reported that a sly old thief named Reynard had his head-quarters here, from whence he sallied forth at times to the great disadvantage of unhousehold poultry. But no one had been able to ferret out his den, so he dwelt as secure as a king in his castle.

O, the joy of that day in the woods to the poor lad who so seldom knew a holiday! For a time he threw off all care, and bounded over the rocks, or climbed the tall trees, making the rocky walls ring with his shouts.

"You are not going crazy, are you, Rob?" asked Theodore, as he hammered away enthusiastically at a specimen he was determined to reduce and carry away.

"O, you don't know how good it is to be free, Theodore! If you were such a drudge as I am for six days every week, not to mention the Sunday's work, which I hate worst of all, you would have quite a different view of this excursion. It is every-day fare to you, but it is a king's feast to me. I often think how a freed slave must feel when he once sets his foot on Canada soil."

"You poor fellow, you," said Theodore, ceasing his hammering and looking earnestly at him. "I wish I could give you half of my holidays, and half my comforts generally. I have enough for two reasonable boys."

"Slaves buy their freedom sometimes," said Robert thoughtfully. "I wonder if bound boys ever buy their time?"

"That's a bright thought," said Theodore, striking his hand on his knee, "and the thing shall be done. How much do you think, now, old Casper would value your services at? It ought not to be much by the way he usually be-rates you."

"That's true; but I do as much as a man ought to when we are busy. But he likes the sight of money, I tell you. If I could earn a snug little sum and lay it down before him for my time, he would take it and give me clear. If not I'll surely run away. I would long ago, but for you and your people."

"I'll send our John to him to make the bargain," said Theodore, entering with his usual enthusiasm into the project. "Once clear of him I know my brother Arthur could give you good steady work on the place if you wished it."

The boys now came to the gravelly margin of the stream which ran through the glen, and began a search for agates and curious stones, which were often found among the pebbles.

"Here is a fine jasper," said Theodore. "Arthur has one like it in the cabinet. He had it polished on one side to bring out the beautiful veins and tints. The Indians used to make

their finest arrow points of these and chalcidony. We have several in the cabinet which we found on the place, and ever so many common flint ones. Some are larger and some smaller, but all are fashioned one way. I dare say the Indians have traveled up and down this glen many a time in search of stones to make them of."

Robert now called his friend's attention to a curious beetle rolling a ball of earth before him. Neither of them exactly comprehended his object, but resolved to capture him, ball and all, and inquire into his ways from that oracle, Arthur.

"Then we will kill the beetle and save him for your collection. Mother will take the chloroform bottle down from father's laboratory, and pour a few drops on his head, then turn a tumbler over him, and he will imagine he is just going to sleep. We kill all our insects that way. They do not suffer any, and they are not distorted."

"It will be too bad to give your mother all that trouble. Could n't we do it?"

"Mother keeps the key to the laboratory, and never allows any one but Arthur to go to it besides herself."

"You know that splendid 'stag beetle' I had with such fine branching antlers," said Robert, "and how much I thought of it. Well, Mam Casper found it one day in a box where I kept it and some other nice bugs, and she just took and threw it into the stove. I sprang forward to save it, but she struck me with the poker, and I had to give it up. Then she told me not to dare bring any more such 'vermin' into her house."

Theodore felt his heart swelling with indignation, and he counseled Robert to find some nice snug place down at the mill to hide his treasures in.

"I have got a nice place in the loft, but the boards are so old and rotten I am almost afraid to step on them for fear of falling through."

"Now you need to find a place as safe for yourself as for your specimens. Do n't keep them in the mill loft. Mother says it is wicked to run into danger needlessly. She quotes the verse to us, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!' Rob, I do wish you could come to the Sunday school."

"So do I, but there seems little use in wishing. I never have decent clothes to wear. She'll not sew on a button or put on a patch for me. I had at last to wear that suit you gave me for every day, and after working in the mill all the week it would n't be fit to wear into Sunday school where nicely dressed boys are."

"Rob, learn to sew on your buttons and patch your clothes yourself. I must lend you a little book I have translated from the German, called, 'Mend the Hole in your Sleeve.' It is a capital book for any body, and always stirs me up when I get lazy. But come, our basket fills up slowly to-day; we have so much to talk about."

"Just look at this bird's nest," said Robert, parting aside some tangled wreaths of wild grape-vine. "It looks like an old-fashioned chaise with the top up."

"That is some kind of a hanging bird's nest. Arthur will know just what kind it is."

"You keep it, Theodore, if you wish. I have no good place for it, and shall not take it down."

"Then I will, and thank you, too. Arthur will be so glad to get it. We watched all Summer for an oriole's nest, and as soon as the birds had flown I climbed the tree and took it down. This has been some time deserted. See how the dry leaves have drifted in."

With great care he detached the curious nest, cutting off all the twigs and branches which surrounded it. The two boys stood a minute admiring the curious workmanship of the clever little carpenter who, it seemed, had first built a nest, and then covered it with a nice little roof to keep off the rain.

"Arthur has been wishing for some nice bird's nests to put on a beautiful moss-grown branch he cut in the swamp one day. The Summer-house cabinet is a large one, but we shall fill it in time. Even little Minnie has a low shelf, and you would laugh to see the collection of pebbles, bird's wings, broken china, dolls' heads, and china boots she has treasured up in it. Mother says it helps to amuse her, and she will understand about things as she grows older, and know which are valuable and which not."

"What a mother you have, Theodore! I shall never forget her words to me the last time I was there."

"What did she say?" asked the other, always well pleased when his mother's good words or deeds were the subject of conversation.

"She urged me to pray to the Savior, and be a Christian boy now, not to wait until I was older, and my heart had grown so much harder. She told me, too, that Jesus loved me, and wished me to come to him. She asked me if Jesus should meet me walking down the street, and should take my hand in his and talk pleasantly and kindly to me about all my troubles, and promise to help me through them all, if I would not be glad, and feel that I could trust him. Then she said he was just as truly walking by my side as if I could see him."

"But it is hard to believe that, is n't it, Theodore? Sometimes it almost seems to me as if there was no God or heaven at all."

"I do n't know how you can ever feel that," said the other. "I am sure you could not here with those great rocks piled up around you. Who else could have made them? Nothing ever makes me think of God more than the rocks. They could not have grown like the trees. They must have been made."

Dear Theodore's heart was in the right place, if his philosophy was not so clear. The boys now made haste to gather some emerald mosses, which Helen had especially requested for the "parlor conservatory" she had planned, and their success was most gratifying. No where about could such exquisite mosses be found as in this shady glen. Each tuft and layer was carefully divided from the rest by broad, green leaves, so that they might not be marred by the sand and earth. A handful of muscle-shells were gathered for little Minnie's outdoor play-house, and a bouquet of such pale, Autumn flowers as the glen afforded were carefully tied up with grasses for mother's room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### WILLIE'S WISH, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"WILLIE, Willie," cried Mrs. Solitum, "how can you be so naughty? You're always quarreling with your brothers and sisters. I never saw such a bad boy."

"Well, mamma," Willie bawled out, "I *hate* brothers and sisters; they're the greatest nuisances going; they're always spoiling a fellow's fun, or doing something or other that a fellow does n't like. I wish I could have a room to myself, and have my toys up there, and do as I like. You may depend on it I should never care to see Polly, and George, and Carry again as long as I live."

Willie was in a great temper, but his mamma determined to cure him of his selfishness and general naughtiness by rather severe treatment; so she said, "Very well, Willie, you shall have your way, and we will begin at once."

Being the eldest, Willie slept in a room by himself. It was small, but airy, as it had a very large window in it, and a chimney.

Mrs. Solitum took Willie by the arm, and marched him up to this bedroom, and told him that he really might have that all to himself as long as he liked; and that when he wanted fresh air, he should walk round the garden when there was no one in it for him to quarrel

with. She had all his own particular toys sent up to him—a pump, a steam-engine, a railway, a ship, and various other things of the kind; and there was Willie left, full of delight at the idea of being "monarch of all he surveyed."

First of all he took off his jacket and waistcoat, and turned head-over-heels on the bed about fifty times. He found this rather hot work, for it was in July; so at the fiftieth time he fancied he had had enough; and, very hot, and panting like a thirsty dog, he gave up somersaulting for the present. It was only ten in the morning at this particular crisis in the state of affairs, and Master Willie rejoiced in the splendid day he had before him. Still without jacket or waistcoat, he went to the window to look out. There was n't very much to see, for it was a country place, and the road was two hundred yards from the house, which was surrounded by a large garden, bounded by a high wall. A bright idea struck Willie—soap-bubbles. He gave two or three little jumps and clapped his hands, as the thought flashed across his mind. He had a broken tobacco-pipe in a drawer, and he made some delightful soap-suds in an empty pomatum-pot. O! how gloriously the many-colored bubbles floated about in the air over the garden wall—up, up, up, as high as the chestnut-trees, and then, light as thistle-down, they bounded on to a single leaf, and were lost forever.

Even the making of soap-bubbles must have an end. You can't eat even bread and jam forever, you know, children; so Willy, tired of his pretty game, threw his pipe out of the window—careless, improvident boy that he was—upset his soap-suds on to a flower-bed just beneath him, flung himself into a chair, and kicked his legs about, for no other reason than because he had nothing better to do. He heard the children shrieking with laughter in the nursery below, and he did n't know whether it was the distance, or what it was, but their voices certainly sounded more musical than usual; and as he was a curious, inquisitive boy, he very much wondered, in fact was quite in a fidget, to know what they were all in such glee about.

Then dinner-time came. He was "awfully" hungry, and had been fully expecting the arrival of somebody for quite half an hour before the time.

Then his mamma came and unlocked the door, and said, "Willie, here is your dinner."

Willie took it, and said, "Come in, mamma."

"No, thank you," she replied. "I do n't wish to interfere with your views of happiness, my dear."

Willie did not much like this answer; but he

smothered his feelings, and said, "I was glad I was up here just now. What a row those children were making, to be sure!"

"Yes, I suppose so," said his mamma; "they were very much pleased; your Uncle Herbert came to take them all to Walstow Lea in his wagonette. He asked for you, but I told him you were alone, and did not wish to be disturbed, and that I was sure the society of the other children would upset all the pleasure you might otherwise get from the drive."

"O! mamma," Willie began, with sobbing indignation.

But mamma was gone. He heard the key turn with a click, the rustle of a silk dress on the staircase, and he was once more in his much-coveted loneliness. O, how vexed to the soul he was to think what a treat he had lost! He could scarcely eat his dinner for thinking of it; every bit in his mouth almost choked him. After dinner he again resorted to the window. At a little distance Jem, the gardener's boy, was weeding a flower-bed.

"Jem, Jem," shouted Willie, "come here!"

Jem came. Willie produced a big ball, and asked Jem to have a game at ball with him out of the window.

"All right," said Jem; and they at once fell to.

Soon Mrs. Solitum appeared at the door, as Willie could tell by the direction her voice came from.

"Jem," she said, "you must n't play with Master Willie to-day; he wishes to be alone."

Jem slunk away, grinning, and returned to his flower-bed. Willie sat himself down on his bed in a desponding attitude, and cried like a baby. He did not believe, just at that time, that there was ever, in the whole wide world, such an ill-used, miserable creature. The sun got lower and lower in the heavens, the trees were clothed in gold, and the sunset clouds were radiant with brilliancy, but all was lost upon Willie; he was no poet, and the drowsy hum of bees, the lowing of the cows, and the song of a lark that was making her last evening ascent to heaven's gate, had no charms for his ears, any more than the thousand sights of Nature delighted his eyes.

Just as the sun was beginning to shine on the other half of the world of men and women, and girls and boys, home came the children, laughing and singing, and bounding and shouting for very joy and enjoyment. Their pleasant voices came up to Willie in his solitude. By and by he heard the soft murmur of prayers—the prayers he never remembered being away from, when the children, in their little white

night-dresses, knelt at their mother's knee, and asked God's blessing on all the world.

Willie was very sad. He had refused his tea; and when the voices of the children had died away in sleep, he heard the soft rustling of silk in the passage, and his mother's welcome voice saying—

"Willie, would you like some supper?"

"O, yes, please, mamma; and bring it up yourself, and come in."

All this was spoken in a very beseeching, quick, anxious tone. If Willie had been outside, he would have seen his mamma smile; but he only heard her go down-stairs.

Soon she returned. The key clicked in the lock. She entered, and stood before Willie with a plate of bread and butter and a glass of warm milk.

"O, mamma," Willie began, directly she entered the room, "let me say my prayers at your knee like the rest. Mamma—dear mamma, I have been such a naughty boy; I never want to be alone again."

"O," said his mamma. "Well, eat your supper, and undress, and I will hear you say your prayers."

So the little boy knelt down and said his prayers, and was folded in his mother's arms, and sobbed upon her bosom, and was kissed and comforted, and went to bed and slept peacefully, and woke in a happier frame of mind. And I promise you he never asked for solitude after that, but was always a great deal kinder to his brothers and sisters, and much less trouble to every body.

### NOTHING.

I ASKED a lad what he was doing;

"Nothing, good sir," said he to me.

"By nothing well and long pursuing,

"Nothing," said I, "you'll surely be."

I asked a lad what he was thinking;

"Nothing," quoth he, "I do declare."

"Many," said I, "in taverns drinking,

By idle minds were carried there."

There's nothing great, there's nothing wise,

Which idle hands and minds supply;

Those who all thought and toil despise,

Mere nothings live, and nothings die.

A thousand naughts are not a feather,

When in a sum they are all brought;

A thousand idle lads together,

Are still but nothings joined to naught.

And yet of merit they will boast,

And sometimes pompous seem and haughty;

But still 't is ever plain to most,

That *nothing boys* are mostly *naughty*.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

**TRYING TO GET SICK.**—Medical philosophers assure us that three-fourths of ordinary diseases are avoidable, could be prevented if we acted up to the knowledge we have; but some are not only careless of their health, make no effort to avoid disease, but actually seem determined to get sick; the reader has done this many a time, and will continue to do it in too many cases. You have often come to the table, glanced over it, seen nothing which pleased you, and got as mad as a hornet in a minute. At yourself? O no, but at your wife, or cook, because something was not on the table which you could relish. But you could not yourself tell what you wanted, and acted as though you expected them to dive deep into your gluttonous maw, and divine what would please you; mayhap you wanted forty different dishes on the table that you might make your sovereign selection, leaving the three dozen others to be thrown away, and then the next thing would be a virtuous indignation at the waste in the house, and the expense of living. Why, half of the men don't deserve wives, and yet they are the ones that get the very best. Out upon it, you unreasonable, ignorant churls. The real state of the case was, you were not hungry; you had not taken exercise enough since the last meal to cause the appropriation of all the nutriment in the system; until that is done, nature prepares none of the fluid which causes the feeling of hunger; your wife could not help that, nor your cook, you might have helped it yourself had you not been too lazy to work yourself into an appetite; but determined to make yourself sick, you sat down very grumpily, with both elbows on the table, or beating a tattoo, both indicating passion; presently you began to nibble at this and nibble at that; and before you knew it you had eaten a hearty meal; but having crowded into the system what nature did not need, she refused to appropriate it, and you began to "feel bad all over," the system was oppressed, you were cross, peevish, fretful, complaining, and finally were more or less ailing, if not actually sick for several days. Even a pig will not eat when he is not hungry, but you, a bigger pig, do.—*Hall.*

**"A CARD TO THE FASHIONABLE."**—Such was the heading of an advertisement of recent date, offering to the votaries of fashion a remedy for wrinkles and other signs of physical decay, which "appear more prematurely in the daughters of fortune than their

humbly born sisters, owing to the effects of frequent rounds of gayety, and the *ennui* which so surely follows."

The first suggestive point in this patent substitute for the faded fountain of youth is the class for whom it is designed. The fashionable! who are they? nearly all wish to be, and try to be. But they are defined as the "daughters of fortune;" those who have money to spend on display and pleasure, the victims of exhaustive excitement, and depressing weariness and disgust. Sad truth, proclaimed in a deceptive and mercenary appeal to human vanity.

We recollect the history of a lady whose ruling passion for "a vain show," and the hollow admiration it wins, was never stronger than in her dying moments. She requested her friends to lay her out when dead, with all her jewelry upon her body. And it was laid in the coffin with rings, ear-drops, and bracelets glittering on the soulless form.

O, fruitless endeavors of the "fashionable" to bloom in sin! when Christ alone brought "life and immortality to light in the Gospel." His grace in the heart floods with unearthly beauty even the face of the emaciated invalid, cures forever *ennui*, and makes eternal youth the immediate possession of the soul, when mortal decay has finished its certain work. Who will be the fashionable on that day, when Christ "makes up his jewels?" This is the question.

**WOMAN AS MOTHER.**—Without attempting to solve the problem, we venture to advance the general proposition that in order to have good mothers, we must first have good girls. The place of woman as mother is, or ought to be, her highest. The world has never grudged its meed of loving admiration for the strange, sweet mystery of motherhood. Not alone have those, who, creeping closest to the heart of universal nature, learned most perfectly the harmonies of her voice, bowed before the one pure and stainless love left to us. With them has gone out in all ages the instinctive adoration of the great multitude. Peasant and noble have kneeled together at the shrine of the mother and child.

Think of this! A girl marries. In nine out of ten cases wholly uneducated—competent, indeed, to repeat the rules of grammar—to play upon some musical instrument in a fashion not totally unendurable by those who love her and are not musical—to talk French with an American—possibly to sew a

button on her husband's shirt; but not competent to *think*, to meet a subject and from it gain by her reason a conclusion; ignorant of the great entities of life; ignorant of the laws that govern her own existence; knowing nothing, very often absolutely nothing, of that part of her life to which she looks as the happiest and most sacred; walking blindfold to the crisis of her fate; timidly shrinking where fear should have no place; boldly insensible to the most appalling dangers; swayed in her government of herself and the other life she has to keep, by the slightest breath of prejudice, yet deaf to the clearest warnings of reason; uncertain, foolish, rash, yet loving, tender, and true. Can you think of a sadder picture?

**A GOOD WIFE.**—In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. She's made my home to me the pleasantest place on earth. And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect."

How many poor fellows would be saved from suicide, the penitentiary, and the gallows every year had they been blessed with such a wife! "She made my home to me the pleasantest place on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man, a few years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs-yard, in New York: "I did n't mean to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "What am I?"

The above is excellent. We indorse every word. A true wife, pure, patient, trusting, able to weep or smile, as the occasion may require tears or joy, is indeed an angel. And we are sure that the light of many a home has been put out forever by a wife whose brow was covered over with darkness, and whose lips were blistered over with tart words and waspish spitefulness.

But then let us look on the other side. A little counsel to men is not out of place. The woman has long enough been made the pack-mule. Let husbands inquire, too, "What am I?" It is no wonder that some women are sharp and querulous. How many husbands are coarse and brutish, and see nothing in a wife but a slave to wash linen, mend shirts, and subserve the ends of carnal appetite! No wonder that a woman of sentiment and beautiful texture should revolt from contact with such a brute.

**HOW TO MANAGE PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.**—Many of the most prominent children are sacrificed to a desire to bring them forward in advance of other children, and this desire is stimulated by natural instincts. Every living creature rejoices in the use of the faculties which God has given it, "as a strong man to run a race." The boy whose muscles are well developed will never keep still, but is ready for any thing, good or bad, in which he can stir himself. To such a one study is a punishment.

But the boy whose muscles are feeble, and whose brain is largely developed, sits still and reads, and the appetite, of course, conforms to the kind and amount of exercise. If he wastes his muscle in exer-

cise, his appetite will demand the muscle-making nitrates to supply the waste. If he wastes the phosphorus of the brain by study, he will desire phosphatic food to restore it; while the fat and stupid boy, who has neither muscle or brain, will crave carbonaceous articles to feed his stupidity; and indulgence in these appetites will, of course, increase the peculiarity.

I have seen the little kingbird, after an hour of extraordinary exertions in driving from the neighborhood an intruding hawk, devote the next hour to catching bees and hornets, which abound both in nitrates and phosphates, as a means of restoring his muscular and vital energy. The bird is safe in following his inclinations, living as it does according to natural laws; and having no abnormal development of faculties, and no abnormal appetites, it can eat what it desires, and as much, with perfect impunity.

But the child, changed in its condition as it may be by the ignorance and folly of its parents even before its birth, is abnormally developed, and of course has abnormal appetites.

Indulging these appetites in case of precocity of the brain, of course increases the excitement of the brain, and the result is inflammation and premature death.

A child with a precocious brain, or who is very forward, to use the common expression, is of course more liable to dangerous diseases of the brain than other children; but if parents would give the subject thought, and use their reason in this, as in other less important matters, these diseases might generally be warded off.

If our eyes have been overworked, or are weak and liable to inflammation, we avoid overusing them, especially in the strong light, and if so inflamed that too much light and all use of them gives pain, we shut out light altogether, and give them rest till they recover. Both light and seeing are pleasant to the eyes in health, and absolutely necessary to give them health and strength, but, when diseased, are both alike injurious, and we avoid the influence of both till they recover. And when only weak, and not absolutely diseased, we are careful to have the light or use the eye only moderately or carefully. So of any other organ or faculty—that which is necessary to it in health must be carefully used in tendency to disease.

Apply this principle to a precocious brain. The brain is as dependent on appropriate exercise and a supply of phosphorus in health as is the eye on exercise and light; and as we withdraw the exercise and light in weakness and disease, so should we allow the brain rest from exercise and phosphatic food in case of disease or premature development.—*Bellows' "Philosophy of Eating."*

**GOOD WORDS.**—We wish all our fair sisters would take to gardening, and spend several hours of each day over their beds of flowers. There is something in the very smell of the ground that is life-giving, especially in the soft Spring-time. And when the long Summer days are come, if once in a while they

would drop their endless sewing and help to gather in the new-mown hay, they would come back with lighter step and rosy cheeks. This is not romance, but sound common sense. The best medicine for all of us is light and air. Woman is not a hot-house plant, to be kept in-doors under a glass case. She flourishes best when she opens the door and walks abroad, courts the free air and the blessed light of heaven. If this simple philosophy of health were better understood, and such outdoor occupation and exercise were to become a universal habit, we should soon have a new race of American women. Foreigners would not, as now, speak of them as being very pretty in girlhood, but fading as soon as they began to blossom into womanhood; nor would European physiologists gravely argue that the race is degenerating in America.—*Evangelist.*

**HABITABLE HOUSES.**—Good ventilation is not less important than good drainage. In the eye of law, houses are not considered habitable unless they are properly drained. Neither should they be considered fit for occupation unless every room is properly ventilated also. In a sanitary point of view, the one is as necessary as the other. Men and women who dwell in crowded towns, and work and sleep all their lives in close rooms, without ventilation, and so continually breathe air contaminated with the waste of their bodies, go down to their graves seventeen years earlier than the men and women who dwell in the country, and work in the green fields and breathe the fresh air. As the poor toilers for bread in pestiferous houses and workshops in towns are shut out from the balmy breeze and the glorious sunshine, from the sight of the primrose and the smell of the hawthorn, from the wild bird's songs in the hedge-rows, and the lark's merry trill in the clear blue sky, the least those who live upon their toil can do for them is to make their homes and surroundings decent and habitable. There always has been, and always will be, poor classes; that is inevitable; but there is no reason why, added to their poverty, the poor should be poisoned with foul air. It is sickening to enter some of the styes called houses, in which thousands of human beings eke out their miserable existence. The Hottentot and the Esquimaux are better housed in their mud and snow huts. It is marvelous that such barbarism and refined civilization should coexist to the extent they do in our cities and towns.—*Builder.*

**"LITTLE PITCHERS."**—We do not wonder at the rapid increase of the deplored fault, under the circumstances. If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure, when they come home from Church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what every body wore, how every body looked, and what every body said and did; and if you find any thing in this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees

learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightfully directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

**THE PRESENCE OF GOD.**—We are never alone. The Christian's life should never, can never, be a solitary one. A life of service must be a life of love. And no path can be barren if the fountain of living waters flows by its side. Yet there are lives which bereavement has left very poor in natural companionship, and homes which at times seem silent when the echo of other full and joyous firesides reaches them. And there are those who have no homes on earth, dwelling as strangers in the homes of others; and in all lives there are lonely hours—hours when trial and perplexity come, and the friend on whose sympathy and judgment we would lean is not near; and in many hearts there are places too tender for any human hand to touch. What a truth, then, is that which turns hours of loneliness into hours of richest and most blessed companionship!—companionship which makes the heart glow and the face shine, so that those who dwell in it bear a visible sunshine with them wherever they come! For the presence of God is no abstract truth, no mere presence of a sun, to whose light we may lay open our souls as the flowers their leaves, and be transfigured; but the communion of spirit with spirit; no more presence of an angel watching us and loving us in silence, it is the presence of One with whom we may have intercourse as a man with his friend; to whom we may speak—speak of every thing which interests us, make requests and have them granted, ask questions and have them answered—One who is not silent toward us. O, let us bathe our souls in this joy—drink, yea, drink abundantly of it, and be refreshed! Let us begin every prayer remembering it, and rise from every prayer strengthened with remembrance; read the Bible as the word of the One present; speak of Him as of One present; carry it with us all day as our shield and strength, and rest in it all night.—*Mrs. Charles.*

**PROCRASTINATION.**—Many are on their death-beds before they think rightly of life. They are going out of the world, while they begin to know wherefore they came in it. We come in it for this great business, to save our souls in the faith and obedience of God; but when we have time to do it we forget that business, and then begin to think of it when the time appointed is gone. We spend much time in doing nothing, and more in doing evil, but little or none in that great matter wherefore we were born. The soul must be in perplexity at the hour of death, that seeth the day spent and the assigned business not begun. A traveler that seeth the sun setting when he is entering on the journey must be aghast!—the evening of the day and the morning of the task do not well agree together.—*Struther.*

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

PREHISTORIC NATIONS; or, *Inquiries Concerning Some of the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity.* By John D. Baldwin, A. M. 12mo. Pp. 400. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Man's origin and the date of his first appearance upon earth are intricate problems, the satisfactory solution of which has long baffled the profoundest thinkers. On this, as on almost every other topic, extreme theories have been promulgated. Some have attempted to show that man's existence on earth may be dated back thousands of years prior to the regular beginnings of history as taught at the present day, while others place unshaken confidence in Archbishop Usher's chronology, and believe as true as "Sacred Writ" that man's creation occurred precisely four thousand and four years before the birth of Christ. The idea that we have underrated the antiquity of the race is becoming popular, especially among geologists and ethnologists, the most learned of whom are free to say that geological discoveries clearly prove that the age of the human race must be vastly greater than has been generally believed, that time is demanded for the development of the civilization indicated by the monuments, records, and mythologies which patient study and investigation have brought to light. We can not walk among the ruins of the past or study its misty records without being impressed with the necessity of a vaster period of time for their development than our popular chronologies allow. Inscriptions found in the ancient ruins of Egypt, the works of Zoroaster, the Hebrew Scriptures, Homer, and fragments of books in Greek illustrating the culture of the Ionians of Asia Minor are, in general estimation, the oldest writings preserved. These exhibit the civilization of the people among whom they originated, but they do not inform us when or where civilization first appeared. Nations are born, flourish, and die. The Egypt of to-day is not that discernible in the monuments, ruins, and culture of the hoary past. Chaldea was not the same in glory and in ruin. Carthage and Rome live only in history. Nations die out, but their civilization lives on in ineffaceable records and monuments. Living, as we do, in its present highest development, it is a study worthy of the profoundest intellect to trace this stream through its various windings to its source. From the source to the ocean is a longer distance, and demands a more protracted period than we have been accustomed to suppose. China, with a culture in arts and literature scarcely surpassed, claims to be more than nineteen centuries older than the Christian era.

The author of the work before us attempts to show that the ancient Cushite people have taken a con-

spicuous part in spreading civilization, that the original Ethiopia was not in Africa, and that the ancient home of the Cushites or Ethiopians, the starting-point of their great colonizing and civilizing movement, was Arabia. Chronologies are sharply criticised and demolished in the attempt to establish this new theory. Proof specious, if not satisfactory, is presented to show that "Arabia was the ancient Ethiopia." The author claims that in the Hebrew Scriptures Arabia is described as the land of Cush. Also the older Greek literature is quoted to fortify this position. This contribution to historical study, though by no means valueless, will not settle these grave questions which have so long baffled the wisdom of our ablest thinkers. The style of the work partakes too much of the sensational, and too little of the calm, philosophical spirit of profound investigation. It bears the impress of the sciolist rather than the philosopher. The great problem of the antiquity of the race remains unsolved, but this attempt sheds light upon its solution, and invites to profounder research and investigation.

CHRISTIAN PURITY; or, *The Heritage of Faith. Revised, Enlarged, and Adapted to Later Phases of the Subject.* By Rev. R. S. Foster, D. D., LL. D. With an Introduction by Bishop Janes. 12mo. Pp. 364. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

"Christian Purity," by Dr. Foster, has been before the public for about twenty years, meeting with great favor, calling for repeated editions. It now appears "revised, enlarged, and adapted to later phases of the subject." The improvement will render it still more acceptable, the present edition being, if not an exhaustive, at least a very thorough treatment of the subject which it discusses. The revision has extended to almost every page of the book, making it almost an original production. "The first writing was undertaken," says the author, "under the inspiration and conducted during the evolution of an exalted experience, and amid the glow of intense zeal. The present writing is the fruit of calm study, and mature and deliberate judgment."

It is an able and timely discussion of one of our Methodistic peculiarities, and presents the doctrine of Christian perfection or holiness in its true Wesleyan aspects. No doctrine of our Church has suffered more from the unskillful handling of its friends than this one, and we welcome this judicious treatment of it by the able author. Many objections made against our doctrine of Christian perfection by Christians of other denominations, and many prejudices against it among even members of our own Church, must pass away before the lucid statement which the author gives of what the doctrine really is.



The argument for the attainableness of this high blessing of the Gospel is complete and convincing. The chapters discussing the difference between regeneration and entire sanctification, and the question whether entire sanctification is a progressive or instantaneous work, are opportune and able. Regeneration is the beginning of the work of sanctification; "it is holiness begun; it is eternal life initiated." Entire sanctification is this work of holiness consummated. It is both progressive and instantaneous. There is in every genuine experience a growth in holiness, and all growth in holiness, from the degree of it imparted in regeneration, is progress toward the completeness of it in entire sanctification. "Sanctification is instantaneous just as death is; though we approach it by tears, and pains, and mortal pangs, we at last die; and, though we receive grace, love God, have faith, and groan after perfect love, the time comes when we believe simply in Jesus and are saved."

Notwithstanding we may progress by slow approaches and reach the goal after a long journey, the author well reminds the reader "that, while earnest Christians are ever advancing toward entire holiness, they will never attain it without specific effort. If they reach the goal it must be by distinct and masterful faith, by great and special seeking, not by mere lapse of time and ordinary endeavor. Entire holiness, not at death, not at the end of a long journey, not by slow growth, however possible it may be, but entire holiness now, the privilege and duty of all believers, we must hold is the doctrine of God, and the doctrine which needs most to be urged upon the Church which is his bride." An admirable analysis of the work is given by Bishop Janes in the form of an introduction.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO: *A Narrative of Travel, with Studies of Man and Nature.* By Alfred Russel Wallace, Author of "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," etc. 8vo. Pp. 638. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a highly valuable and intensely interesting contribution to our knowledge of a part of the world but little known in Europe or America. But few of our tourists ever visit it, and scarcely any have ever gone to explore it. Mr. Wallace is not an amateur traveler, making a hasty visit, to return and write a hasty and almost useless book. He is an enthusiastic naturalist, a geographer, and geologist, a student of man and nature. His journeys occupied eight years, covering about fourteen thousand miles in the Archipelago, and several years have been occupied since his return in preparing his materials for publication. The result is a volume that will make large contributions to geography, natural history, and other branches of science, as well as awaken a still deeper interest in the agitated questions of the origin and distribution of the different races of men on the globe.

But few have any idea of the vast extent of habitable land embraced in these groups of islands; that

it is comparable even with the primary divisions of the globe, and that some of its separate islands are larger than great European empires. This cluster of islands extends for more than four thousand miles in length from east to west, and is about thirteen hundred in breadth from north to south. It would stretch over an expanse equal to all Europe from the extreme west far into Central Asia. It includes three islands, each larger than Great Britain, and in one of them, Borneo, "the whole of the British isles might be set down, and would be surrounded by a sea of forests." New Guinea is still larger. Placed immediately upon the equator, and surrounded by extensive oceans, these islands are charmingly beautiful, clothed with a forest vegetation from the level of the sea to the summits of their loftiest mountains. Nature is profuse in her productions, both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the natives are, therefore, in general, soft, easy, and contented, incapable of mental effort, never even disturbed by mental anxiety, having no conception even of coming want, nature having supplied them with an unsparing and unfailling hand. But some of the wild tribes of Borneo, Sumatra, and the Celebes supply plenty of the strange and terrible. It is a region, too, of terrific grandeur, parts of it being perpetually illuminated by discharging volcanoes, and all of it frequently shaken with earthquakes. Scores of villages have sometimes been overwhelmed in a single eruption, and whole mountains have been blown up by repeated explosions. The forests and the ever-verdant plains abound with noble beasts, gorgeous birds, and curious insects. "Only man is vile." In some of the islands he is perfectly despicable in his indolence, and in others terrible in his savagery. The volume is copiously illustrated, and several maps accompany the text. The first chapter is devoted to the physical geography of the whole region, and contains some novel and very interesting conjectures with regard to the origin of these islands. The last chapter is a general sketch of the races of man in the Archipelago and the surrounding countries.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON; and *Those of Eye-Witnesses of His Life.* By the Countess Guiccioli. 8vo. Pp. 670. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

"Lord Byron judged by the evidence of his life" is the motto of this book. "Lord Byron's reputation renovated" would be a better one. We live in a period wonderfully given to the whitewashing of damaged reputations. So many of the characters that we used to exhibit as examples of imposture, of tyranny, of selfish ambition, of licentiousness, and other immoralities have been taken from us by modern vindication that we are beginning to wonder if there really have ever been any bad men or women among those who have been eminent enough to have a place in history. It is quite possible that contemporary writers of history and biography may have been too near the subjects of which they write to be impartial and unprejudiced, and may have somewhat exaggerated the virtues or the faults, as the case may

be, of those of whom they write. We are, therefore, not ready to condemn at once all these attempts to relieve damaged reputations of historical characters, provided the indication does not itself bear ample evidence of partiality and exaggeration on the other side. It is not improbable that many bad traits in the historic pictures of Byron are grossly exaggerated; it is certain that in this volume they are studiously palliated and his virtues are overpraised.

Countess Guiccioli was a very intimate friend of the poet in the later years of his life, and exercised over him a great influence and for good. This is generally conceded. Shelley says she turned the poet from a most ignoble course of life at Venice, and ever afterward exerted over him a controlling influence. That she saw the best side and the best part of the poet's life is evident, and it is not strange that she should consider the stories of his earlier life as inventions of his envious countrymen and his jealous countrywomen. The great mistake of the Countess's book is that it disappoints the general expectation that she would give us a volume of interesting and valuable reminiscences of the poet's Italian life. The personal recollections are very few, the body of the work being made up of quotations from other biographies. That she is in possession of letters, opinions, and facts of Lord Byron unknown to others is certain, and yet she gives none of these in her volume. "My Recollections of Lord Byron" is a misnomer for the book. Yet the volume is fresh and lively in its style, pleasing in its genial appreciation of the good qualities of the poet, and it is well enough to read "the statement of the case for the defendant" by so sincere a friend and admirer. A miserable wood-cut portrait of the poet is given, which had been better left out. Every body concedes the wonderful beauty of Byron, but this picture presents him to us much after the style of a prize-fighter.

**EVENING BY EVENING; or, Readings at Eventide for the Family or the Closet.** By C. H. Spurgeon. 12mo. Pp. 396. \$1.75. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co.

This is a companion volume for "Morning by Morning" by the same author; and the "twenty thousand readers" that have already purchased that volume will, we think, hasten to possess themselves of this one. These evening meditations are any thing but dull and common-place, a fault too frequently attaching to devotional books. They are out of the beaten track, the text selected being unusual, and the treatment of them natural, sprightly, personal; in their style they are often eloquent, and their thoughts rich and suggestive. The volume contains a meditation for every evening in the year, and a selection of evening hymns. The author beautifully says, "When the stars are revealed, and all the hosts of heaven walk in golden glory, then surely is the time when the solemn temple is lit up, and the worshiper is bidden to enter. If one hour can be endowed with a sacredness above its fellows, it must be the hour when the Lord looseth the bands of Orion, and leadeth forth Arcturus and his sons: then voices from

worlds afar call us to contemplation and adoration, and the stillness of the lower world prepares an oratory for the devout soul. He surely never prays at all who does not end the day as all men wish to end their lives—in prayer."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**IN PAPER.**—*The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.* Edited by the Rev. H. F. Cary, M. A. 16mo. Pp. 485. 50 cents. *The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. With a Memoir and an Essay on his Genius and Writings.* 16mo. Pp. 327. 50 cents. These neat and remarkably cheap volumes are published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and sold by Moore, Wiltach & Moore, Cincinnati. From R. W. Carroll & Co. we have received the following of the same series: *The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso. Translated into English Spenserian Verse, with a Life of the Author.* 16mo. Pp. 624. 50 cents. *The Vision of Dante Alighieri. Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.* Translated by Rev. H. F. Cary, M. A. 16mo. Pp. 587. 50 cents. Of these immortal works we need say nothing. The editions before us are marvels of cheapness.

From Moore, Wiltach & Moore we have also received the following: *Fair Maid of Perth*, and *Anne of Geierstein*, continuations of the cheap issue of Sir Walter Scott's novels. They are in paper, containing two hundred pages each, at twenty-five cents. Of the cheap edition of Marryatt's works, the same publishers send us *Percival Keene*, *Snarleyow*, *The Phantom Ship*, and *The Poacher*.

**REPORTS, ETC.**—*Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.* Faculty: Rev. Daniel P. Kidder, D. D., Rev. Henry Bannister, D. D., Rev. Miner Raymond, D. D., Rev. Francis D. Hemenway, A. M., Professor James S. Jewell, M. D. Students, 115. *Annual Report of the Boston Theological Seminary.* Faculty: William F. Warren, John W. Lindsay, Luther T. Townsend, David Patten. Students, 44. *West Baltimore Academy.* Rev. R. G. Chaney, A. M., Principal. *Ministerial Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Rev. Bishop E. Thomson, President, Evanston, Ill. *Responsibility of the Christian Ministry.* Anniversary Sermon of the Garrett Biblical Institute. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D.

**MUSIC.**—*I Left My Mother Weeping.* Words by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin. Music by A. D. Fillmore. Cincinnati: John Church, jr. *Come, O Come, my Brother.* Temperance Song. By J. H. McNaughten. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co. *We'll Show You when we Come to Vote.* A Woman's Suffrage Song and Chorus. By Frank Howard. *Our Laughing Little One.* Song and Chorus. W. A. Ogden. *Sweet Luella Kate.* Words by Charlie Lovejoy. Music by C. T. Dundore. *A Hundred Fathoms Deep.* Words by R. A. Cranshaw, Esq. Music by C. F. Shattuck. *Merry School-Girl's March.* By J. R. Kellogg. *I Feel I'm Growing Auld, Gude Wife.* Words by James Linen. Music by C. F. Shattuck. All these last are published at W. W. Whitney's Palace of Music, Toledo, Ohio.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

UNION.—There can be no doubt that one of the signs of the times is a growing disposition toward fraternity and even unity in the Protestant Church. There is a deepening conviction that the true spirit of Christianity is one of charity, of brotherly love, and not of controversy and rivalry, and that this spirit should draw true Christians into closer fraternal relations; that difference in the intellectual apprehension of some features of the Gospel are not sufficient grounds for antagonism and separation; that every shade of belief or desire with regard to ecclesiastical organization or government is not entitled to separate denominational existence in the form of a sect. It is a simple truth that Protestantism is disgraced by the multitude of sects and parties in which it manifests itself, and its power is weakened by these divisions. It is ridiculous that every shade of belief, or every opinion of Church administration, should seek to organize itself into a party. There is a unity in Protestantism, a unity in the great essential doctrines, in the great principles of the Christian life, in the rule of faith, the laws of interpretation, the rights of man, and all the great fundamental truths of Christianity and human destiny. The differences of Protestants are superficial and non-essential, and so they should be treated. The creator of a sect should be considered an enemy; every movement toward fraternity and unity should be welcomed and aided by every lover of Christ and every true Protestant. We read with profound satisfaction the reports of the efforts now making in the Methodist and Presbyterian branches of the Church, toward bringing into closer harmony, and even unity, the scattered members of these two great families. The recent sessions of the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Churches made a large advance toward unification, and gave evident indication, by the spirit manifested and the measures taken, that the "consummation devoutly to be wished" is only a question of time. The great Methodist families are tending rapidly in the same direction; some preparatory lessons in forgiveness and fraternity may yet be needed, some further growth in broader charity, some greater advance toward a spirit willing to give up some mere prejudices as to forms and administration; yet we firmly believe that the time hastens for the consolidation of the various families of Methodism into one great organization. We welcome every indication of progress toward this result. The recent correspondence between our Bishops and those of the Church South, is one of these significant movements. Though we would take exception to some things in the letter of the Southern Bishops, and are rather inclined to look upon it as evasive, the movement is a good and wise one, and can not result otherwise than to the advantage of Methodism.

It places our branch of the Church right before the Southern people and the public; it was right that we should take the initiative in this movement; it places the responsibility of rejection on the Church South. Perhaps after all the letter of the Southern Bishops was all that could be reasonably expected under the circumstances. A hasty reply of some kind was needed. Longer reflection, and more deliberate study of the situation, will draw them away from old issues, and bring them and their preachers and people to see more clearly the demands of the living present.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—In our last number in the article on this eminent missionary and traveler we closed still in doubt of his fate. Since that time there has been another ebb and flow in the tide of reports concerning him, leaving us in as much doubt as ever. The British Government seemed to settle, by an expedition to the place where it was said he had been killed, that the report was untrue, and that the great traveler had not only passed there in safety, but also much further beyond. Then we have the report that a celebrated European hunter, now living in South Africa, had traveled still further in the track of Dr. Livingstone. This hunter says the natives all speak of him in terms of praise, and that the name by which he is generally known among them was "Livingstone the Good." It is even reported that letters have been received from Dr. Livingstone himself, and that he will soon reach some part of the Eastern coast of Africa, or after sailing over the great lakes which feed the Nile, pass down that river to Cairo in Egypt. And yet in a recent issue of the London Times, Sir Roderick J. Murchison, the intimate friend and correspondent of the great traveler, publishes a card to the effect that nothing definite concerning Dr. Livingstone has been heard. The intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope, some time since published, that he had arrived at Zanzibar, and was about to proceed homeward, is now pronounced wholly unfounded. There is no news whatever of his whereabouts, or that he even is alive.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNUAL.—On our table lies the Annual Report of the Sunday School Union for the year 1868, in a new form, and designed for gratuitous distribution. It is very compact and full of information. First, we have an account of the anniversary exercises held at Springfield, Massachusetts, with the addresses, in full, of Rev. C. H. Fowler, Dr. Ridgway, Bishop Thomson, and Bishop Janes; next the Constitution and By-Laws, Department of Benevolence and of Publication; a classified list of books for teachers, including works on devotion, on the Bible, concerning the Sunday school and its exercises, on illustration, on Scripture Geography with maps,

Question and Lesson Books, Latest Sunday School Helps, etc.; then an account of the Normal Department, and following it the Department of Statistics, very full and satisfactory. The Appendix is a perfect encyclopedia of Sunday school information. It has forms of constitution for Sunday school societies, and a list of order of exercises in sundry Methodist schools, located in various parts of the country, besides an almost endless list of sections and chapters of the greatest value to pastors, superintendents, and teachers. There is a superintendents' edition of the Annual. As both editions are circulated gratuitously, we trust that every school in the Church will be supplied with it.

**THE COMING GIRL.**—We have had our own views on the agitated question of "woman's rights," have not obtruded them much on our readers, perhaps may do so more hereafter, but for the present if the ladies will accept the whole of the following bill, which we clip from The Church Union, we will take it for our ticket, and vote for the coming girl:

"She will vote, will be of some use in the world, will cook her own food, will earn her living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will not wear the Grecian bend, dance the German, ignore all possibilities of knowing how to work, will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano and the washboard, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, will not despise her plainly clad mother, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker, will wear a bonnet, speak good, plain, unliping English, will darn her old stockings, will know how to bake doughnuts, and will not read the Ledger oftener than she does the Bible.

"The coming girl will walk five miles a day if need be, to keep her cheeks in glow; will mind her health, her physical development, and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to comfort and health; will not confound hypocrisy with politeness, will not place lying to please instead of frankness; will have the courage to cut an unwelcome acquaintance; will not think that refinement is French duplicity, that assumed hospitality where hate dwells in the heart is better than outspoken condemnation; will not confound grace of movement with silly affectation; will not regard the end of her very being to have a beau; will not smile and smile and be a villain still.

"The coming girl will not look to Paris, but to reason for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dress-makers have decreed it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities, or ruin it with wine and pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally his works. Duty will be her aim, and her life a living reality."

**PROGRESS—AN ECCLESIASTICAL NOVELTY.**—At Marblehead, Massachusetts, William Garrison Haskell was ordained pastor of the First Universalist Church. Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford, of Hingham,

delivered the charge, and Rev. Olympia Brown, the prayer. This is the first case of the kind. The Revolution says:

A novel incident of the service was the laying on of hands, conducted by four ministers, Mrs. Hanaford and Miss Brown participating. The charge by the Rev. Mrs. Hanaford was as beautiful as the eloquent words and forcible manner of that spiritual woman could make it. She commenced by saying, "William, my dear brother, you have chosen 'Phoebe, servant of the Church of Hingham,' to give you the solemn charge, and to deliver unto you the oracles of God, one of which is your belief that there is neither tribe, nor caste, nor sex in the religion of Christ Jesus." Near the close of her remarks she expressed her assurance that he would succeed; because, among other reasons, "he had shown by choosing a woman to take this part of the service his views, and had thrown down the gauntlet to those who would place women and idiots side by side on the statute-book." As a whole, her charge was masterly, womanly, and more impressive than usually listened to on such occasions. The prayer of Miss Brown also deserves especial notice for its fervor and eloquence.

**EXTEMPORE SPEAKING.**—An English writer on this subject says, with great truth and propriety, that no amount of self-reliance ought ever to lead any one to dispense with due preparation and a well-digested outline of what the subject should embrace. For thus it comes to pass that many men who fancy they have attained the acme of preaching when they can talk on any subject at a moment's notice, are the very men the world points at when it wants to find illustrations for the theory that even clever men become tedious in extempore sermons, and that, therefore, it should be abandoned. One of the greatest proficient in extempore speaking, whose reputation rested on many years' experience, bore testimony to this, saying that homilies which seemed to flow so easily from his lips as to appear to the listener to be born on the occasion, had cost him many hours' laborious preparation and earnest prayer. "The coinage can not be good if the mint be empty."

Dr. Arnold says the teacher's mind should resemble a lake fed by a running stream; always acquiring fresh knowledge, and never allowing itself to lie stagnant. "If a full man," says Professor Blunt, "is required any where, it is in the minister of the Church, who is fixed to the same spot the whole year round. Nothing short of a large magazine to draw from will suffice for these frequent demands; without it the thread of his speech will soon run out the staple of his argument, and, instead of a preacher, he will become a spin-text."

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—We present this month one of Mr. Beard's characteristic pictures, an artist standing at the head of American painters of animal life. It is finely translated by Mr. Hinshelwood. The admirable portrait of Christina Rossetti is from an original crayon portrait by her brother, the famous artist. A very excellent review of her poems is furnished by Miss Woodworth.







Engraved by H. E. H. H. H.

THE Lighthouse, Falmouth, Cornwall

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